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PAUL LAROON:

—OR,—

THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

A FEARFUL CONFLICT.

As the sun arose the men were gathered about the quarter deck waiting for the appearance of the young surgeon, for they were anxious to hear of the gunner. Ere long Paul came up, and he informed the men that he believed Ben to be out of danger, but that it would be some time before he could return to his duty; and at the same time he requested them to make as little noise as possible about the deck.

The day passed away, and the gunner was no easier, though Paul felt sure, if no accident happened, that the result would not be fatal. At night more leeches were applied, and a narcotic was given, but the invalid could not sleep. On the following morning the coast of Margarita was in sight upon the starboard bow, and to take advantage of a current the brig was kept pretty close into the shore.

The wind was now to the south of east, and blowing quite fresh—that is, a fair ten-knot breeze, though this had only been since sunrise. The gunner had not slept a moment during the night, though the pain in his head was surely diminishing. He now for the first time since his accident asked for something to eat, and Paul allowed him to have some light gruel, not daring to give anything more hearty for fear of fever.

Near midway of the southern coast of the island of Margarita there is a long high cape, or promontory, making out into the sea a distance of some ten miles. At nine o'clock, A. M., this cape was upon the lee bow, and not more than four miles distant, and at that time the wind came to a lull, and then chopped around to the northward, coming off the shore. As the brig's course was to lay she would pass within two furlongs of the cape, but Laroon knew the channel well, and he was not afraid of the shore. At half-past nine the wind was steady once more, and the brig now had her starboard tacks aboard, and in fifteen minutes more the headland of the cape was directly under the weather bow, and not more than two cables' lengths distant.

"*Sail ho!*" at this moment came from the fore-top in tones that made every man start.

"*A ship! a ship!*" shouted the same voice.

And now they could all see the fore and main royals of a ship looming up over the promontory.

"Up with the helm!" shouted the pirate captain; "Jump to the braces! cast off to leeward—round in on the weather braces!"

In a few moments the brig's head was to the southwest, and by the time the braces were belayed she had cleared the cape, and there, just under the western bluff, and not a quarter of a mile distant, was a French corvette under full sail with her yards nearly square.

"To the guns, every man!" ordered Laroon, much excited—"every man who belongs there, and the rest of you get up the small arms. Load every pistol and carbine, and each man secure his cutlass! Load—quick!"

The brig's crew sprang to the work with a will, each man knowing just what to do. Two of the port guns were run aft and secured to the after ports, and just as the breeching of the last gun was lashed there came a shot from the Frenchman's bows. The ball whizzed over the starboard bumpkin, and did no damage.

"Now give 'em a shot in return," cried Laroon.

Accordingly one of the stern guns was fired, but without effect. Next came another shot from the corvette, which struck in the water some twenty yards from the brig's starboard beam.

During this exciting prelude poor Ben Marton had been in a state of intense excitement. At the first mention of the French man-of-war, he had leaped from his bunk, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Paul could get him back again.

"By the holy saints, I must go on deck!" the old man cried.

"Well—let's see you go," returned the surgeon.

"Help me up—help me up," gasped Ben, who found himself totally unable to rise to his feet.

"But what's the use? You couldn't stand if you should get up there."

For some time the old gunner raved and prayed by turns, but at length Paul managed to convince him that 'twould be of no use, and he allowed himself to be lifted back into his berth.

At length there came a shot from the corvette which struck the brig upon the stern rail, and killed two men who stood by one of the guns. At this sight the pirates were frenzied, and they begged as one man to be laid alongside of the Frenchman. Mr. Storms had been aloft with his glass, and he reported that the corvette carried twenty guns, and they were known to be twenty-four-pounders by the shot which had struck the taffrail. It was soon evident, also, that the ship was the best sailer, with the wind as it was now, at any rate; though probably the brig would have sailed fastest on a taut bowline.

The pirate kept his stern guns going, and he did some damage to the corvette, but no more than she seemed amply able to return, for at the fourth fire from the one that shattered the taffrail, the brig's main-yard was carried away in the slings, a twenty-four-pound ball having just grazed the mast and struck square upon the yard.

"Lay us alongside! Lay us alongside!" cried the crew.

"I shall do it, boys!" uttered the commander, after a few moments of thought. "Before we can possibly get away from that craft she may totally disable us. She probably has more than double the men we have, but I shall trust you to overcome them. The moment I give the order to heave-to, be sure, every man of you, that you have a carbine and two pistols in readiness."

Just as the captain arrived at this point another ball struck the brig's stern, and sent the splinters flying over the deck, but no one was wounded by them. As soon as this was done the captain gave the orders for heaving-to, and ere long the pirate lay upon the wind with her fore-topsail aback, the main-topsail being useless from the loss of the main-yard.

The carbines—and there were over a hundred of them—were all loaded and laid beneath the lee rail, it being evident that the ship would come-to upon that side. Beside this, each man had a brace of pistols concealed beneath his frock, and his cutlass at hand.

The brig now lay upon the starboard tack, and the corvette came down within a cable's length and began to round-to under her stern.

"Brig ahoy!" came from the Frenchman.

"Hallo!" responded Laroon.

"Where's your flag?"

"Down. We've surrendered."

"Who are you?"

"I thought you knew, and were after me."

"You're the Scourge of the Antilles?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll soon clip your wings."

"But you shall be honorable in your deal. We wont surrender unless you promise to treat us as prisoners of war. We'll die at our guns first!"

"Wait till we see what you're made of," was the Frenchman's response; and as he spoke the ship's yards were braced sharp up, and she came gliding along under the brig's lee quarter.

Of course most of the Frenchmen were either at the ports, or else looking over the nettings, for they had a curiosity to see the dreaded pirates, seeming to think that they were already prisoners. There were at least a hundred heads exposed, and the pirate chieftain saw that now was his moment to give the first blow. His men had been trained to this work. They were not only excellent marksmen, but they each had their station, and knew how to pick off an enemy without wasting a dozen shots upon the same mark.

"—*s-s-s!*" hissed the captain, in a sharp, shrill note that was heard all over the deck.

The men gathered quickly to their stations and selected their marks.

"*One!—Two!—Three!—Fire!*"

At the first word the men stooped to their pieces—at the second they cocked and made ready—at the third they started up and took aim—and then they fired. The whole was performed in a very few seconds, and from the howl which arose from the corvette's deck, it was evident that much execution had been done. And how could it have been otherwise, considering that the pirates had faithful carbines, were expert in practice, had their marks well exposed, and not more than twenty yards distant?

"Pistols! pistols!" shouted Laroon. "Stand by to board. Grapplings, there! Now for it!" he added, excitedly.

But these orders were not to be fully carried out, for no sooner had the two vessels come near touching than the Frenchmen threw their grapplings, and prepared to board. They were frantic with rage at the cruel deception which the pirate had practised, and they seemed prepared to face a foe ten times their own number. But they had no ordinary foe to deal with now. In a moment after the grapplings were thrown the ship's nettings were crowded with men.

"—*s-s-s!*" again came hissing from the captain's lips. At the sound of that well-known signal the pirates were calm in an instant.

"Pistols! Be sure of your aim! *Fire!*"

Seventy-two pistols were discharged on the instant, and more than a score of dead men came tumbling upon the brig's deck, besides others which fell overboard, and some which fell back upon their own deck.

Now, however, the Frenchmen began to pour upon the brig's deck, and they rattled away with their pistols as they did so; but strange as it may appear, they did but little damage, for they were so excited that they paid no attention to their aim, while, in the meantime, the pirates were laying about with their long, keen, heavy cutlasses in right good shape.

All this while, Ben Marton had been utterly frantic, and when he heard the report of the fire-arms, and also the voices of the Frenchmen, his frenzy knew no bounds. At length he heard the rushing of feet, and the clashing of steel, and he knew that the enemy were upon his deck. With one mighty effort he leaped from his cot, and pushing Paul aside he rushed for the ladder. It was the strength of the maniac which served him now, and before the youth could reach him he had gained the deck. Paul had the presence of mind to seize his cutlass before he followed his patient, and then he sprang up the ladder. When he reached the deck he found Ben just throwing a French officer over the taffrail, which feat he accomplished as though the Frenchman had been an infant. In a moment more the officer was in the water, but three stout men had seen the movement, and simultaneously they sprang upon the old gunner with their cutlasses. Paul felled the first with one blow of his weapon. Ben sprang upon the second and wrenched his cutlass from him, while the third engaged Paul hand to hand. He was a powerful fellow, and an adept at the sword exercise, as he proved himself by the first few passes he made.

Ben Marton laid his antagonist low in an instant, but he could do no more. The strange flame which had started so suddenly and so powerfully to life in his soul now went out, and with a heavy groan he sank down upon the body of the man he had killed.

Most of the fighting was going on amidships and forward, the only combatants at that moment abaft the mainmast being Paul and his antagonist. From the manner in which the Frenchman came to this contest he evidently expected an easy conquest, but he was doomed to find himself greatly mistaken, for the youth was not only quick, cool, and powerful, but he was thoroughly versed in every part of the sword-play. Our hero was surely getting the advantage, and in a few moments more would have felled his adversary, had not some new men come upon the scene. Two of the corvette's men had been standing upon the poop of their own ship watching this contest, and as they saw their shipmate likely to get the worst of it, they leaped upon the brig's quarter rail, and from thence to the deck, landing close upon the swordsmen, with their cutlasses drawn.

Paul saw the movement, and with a quick motion he started back against the taffrail, but he must quickly have been despatched beneath the combined efforts of three stout men had not a new actor appeared upon the field. The youth was in the act of warding off a blow when something flashed above his head, and on the next moment one of the men before him fell with his skull cleft in twain, and before a movement could be made towards resisting the new-comer, a second Frenchman had fallen. Then it was that Paul looked up, and he found Buffo Burnington by his side.

"Lay him down," said the stout, strange man, pointing to the remaining Frenchman as he spoke. "He is the one who first gave you battle."

The youth dropped the point of his cutlass from exhaustion, for it must be remembered that he had performed almost a Herculean task in keeping the old gunner below as long as he did; but no sooner did the point of his weapon fall than his enemy sprang upon him, but he had been watched, and just as he raised his sword arm the cutlass of Burnington passed through his body.

"Now, Mr. Laroon," spoke the man, "I'll help you carry Ben Marton down, and I hope you'll stay there with him."

"Call me anything but that," quickly uttered the youth, as he turned towards the spot where Ben had fallen.

"And what else shall I call you?"

"Call me Paul."

"Very well, we'll think of that another time; but now let's get old Ben down, for you'll soon have your hands full. The battle has turned, and must soon come to an end."

Without speaking further they lifted Ben up and carried him below, and just as Buffo returned to the deck the French were crying for quarters. The battle had been a quick and decisive one, for after the conflict came hand to hand, the French had not much the advantage of numbers, for as it afterwards appeared fifty men were either killed or disabled by the first discharge of musketry, and nearly fifty more were laid down by the pistols.

As soon as the enemy showed a disposition to lay down their arms, Marl Maroon gave the order for stopping the conflict, and it was stopped at once. There were but about thirty French men left alive, and they were huddled together upon the forecastle. They laid down their arms upon promise of their lives being spared, and were very quickly put in irons. After this was done, Captain Laroon mustered his men, and forty-seven answered to their names, so thirty-three were either dead, or so badly wounded as not to be able to answer. (It will be remembered that six men were taken in at Tobago.)

The next movement was to clear the decks, and hammocks were brought from the corvette in which to sew the dead bodies, and three men were detailed from among the prisoners to help in the work. Grog was served, and then they commenced to bury the dead, and by the time this was accomplished, it was well into the afternoon.

As soon as a hasty dinner had been prepared and eaten, the pirate captain took some of his men with him and went on board the corvette, where he made a general overhauling of the cargo and stores. He found the purser's steward, and from him he learned where everything was. He found, to begin with, something over seventy thousand dollars in gold. This was moved first. Next he took what provisions he could conveniently stow away, a lot of spirit, considerable ammunition and arms, some sails and rigging, and all the charts, signals, mathematical instruments, etc. The next movement was to get the corvette's boats down and put the prisoners into them—all save seven; seven wished to join the pirates, and they were gladly taken. The rest were directed to pull for the shore as quickly as they pleased, and as soon as they had shoved off the ship was set on fire in half a dozen different places.

It was just dark when the pirates had fished their main-yard so that sail could be made on it, and by this time the corvette was all in flames. Ere long the Scourge of the Antilles was sweeping away to the westward, and just as her boatswain was calling the first watch, a broad, wild glare shot up into the heavens, and on the next moment a loud roar burst upon the air, and the devoted corvette was but a black, charred mass of torn and blasted timbers.

CHAPTER VI.

SILVER BAY.

PAUL had not so much work to attend to as one might have imagined. There were but a few cuts, and even those were not of much moment. He had only six men upon his list, and these he promised to restore to duty in a few days. The old gunner was in a precarious situation, and the surgeon assured him that it was only by the most scrupulous care that he could hope to recover.

On the morning of the third day from the engagement with the corvette, land was reported directly ahead, and in an hour more other land was made out upon the larboard bow and beam. At ten o'clock, a number of small islands were plainly distinguished, and before noon the brig had run in among them. After this her course was laid more to the southward, and to one not used to the place, it appeared as though the vessel was to be run on shore. But ere long a narrow inlet was opened, between what proved to be the mainland and a large island, and beyond here appeared a wide bay. The track through this inlet was a dubious one, for huge black rocks lifted their heads above water on every hand; but the brig was run safely in, and was then within a circular bay some ten miles in diameter. But the end was not yet. Towards the eastern side of this bay appeared to be a sort of cape, extending out some distance from the mainland, but which proved, upon approaching it, to be an island which stood at the mouth of a smaller bay. Around this island the brig made her way, and ere long she was anchored at the mouth of quite a respectable river.

This was Silver Bay, and the river bore the same name. Its position was upon the coast of Venezuela, and some fifty or sixty miles distant from Porto Cabello. It was a strange place in view of its natural defences, and seemed made for the use to which it was now put. Marl Laroon had received it from an old freebooter who had used it for many years, and probably the present chieftain told the truth when he said that it had been a piratical retreat for nearly two centuries.

"How long shall we lay here, captain?" asked Buffo Burnington, after everything had been put to rights.

"Perhaps a month. That last haul from the corvette may give us a longer resting-spell than I had before calculated upon."

"And I suppose we may all have a chance to cruise about a little?"

"Are you very particular?" asked Laroon, eyeing the man sharply.

"No more so than I always was to see a new country," returned Buffo, candidly.

"Well, I guess you'll have a chance to see enough of it."

After this the captain walked aft to where stood Paul, and after standing by his side for some moments in silence, he said:

"Well, Paul, do you want to go up with me this evening?"

The youth started, but if he felt any strong emotion he quickly subdued it, for he soon replied, and without any hesitation:

"I think if you go up this evening I had better wait until you come back, for I do not think it safe to leave Ben Marton alone. Either you or I should be with him."

"What's the need of that?"

"He is very low now, and his recovery depends entirely upon his being suited in every respect. If we can keep him easy, say, four days at the outside, he will be over the crisis. So you go up to night, and when you come back I'll go."

The captain's first impulse was to leave Ben Marton out of the question, but he dared not do such a thing as that in the presence of his crew. But he went down to see the old man, and it was his request that either Paul or the captain should stick by him. So finally Laroon agreed to "go up" alone, and let Paul "go up" on the morrow. Accordingly, just at sundown, the boat was manned, and the captain was pulled away up the river.

It was near midnight, and the old gunner had fallen asleep. Paul watched him until he was sure he slept, and then he went upon deck. The night was calm and serene, and the heavens were cloudless. Away in the eastern heavens the moon was just rising, and her soft light already lay upon the green verdure and the glistening wavelets of the bay and river. The youth gazed around upon the scene awhile, and then he sat down upon the truck of one of the after guns. He was alone upon the quarter deck, the anchor-watch being all forward. A deep sigh escaped him as he sat down, and he bowed his head upon his hands.

"Alas!" he murmured to himself, "how long must this last? How long shall my feet tread these devious ways? Why should I thus be cast upon the world in outlaw's shoes, and be only a candidate for the gallows, while my heart shudders at the blackness of its life, and my soul turns in loathing from the things of evil that surround me!"

At that moment the youth heard a movement near him, and on looking up he saw the outlines of a human figure. He started to his feet, and as he did so, the intruder spoke:

"I trust I have not offended?"

"Burnington?" cried Paul, extending his hand. "No, no, you need not fear of offending me by your presence, for I have had it when my very life hung upon it."

"Then I don't intrude?"

"No, no." Paul spoke quickly and energetically, for there came over him at that moment a desire to know more of the strange man. At first he had looked upon him with dislike and distrust; and this arose from two causes. First, the personal appearance of the man; and second, from the remark he had made on the morning

after he shipped, about his looking like Marl Laroon. But the circumstance of the man's having saved his life as he did, had awakened new feelings in his bosom, though until the present moment he had had no opportunity to express his thanks.

As the youth spoke he sat down again, but this time he sat upon the carriage of the gun, leaving room for Buffo to sit by his side.

"I suppose you saved my life as much for the captain's sake as my own!" the young man said, after Burnington had seated himself.

"Why should I have thought of the captain?" asked Buffo.

"Because you thought him to be my father."

"Do I think the hyena can sire a lamb?"

"How?" uttered Paul, in surprise. "Did I not hear you speak of my resemblance to him?"

"Yes, for you both stood by the binnacle as I spoke, and you looked more like Marl Laroon than you did like a binnacle. I only discovered that you both belonged to the same family of animate things—that you were both of Adam. But let that pass. When Caucasian parents give birth to an Ashantee child then might I believe that some few drops of Marl Laroon's blood flowed in your veins, but not till then. And yet—I—I—*have* seen some members of a family whom you resembled."

Paul started and placed his hand upon Buffo's arm. The words he had heard were enough to excite his curiosity, but the tone, and the manner, were of more import still.

"Do you mean anything by that?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Yes. I mean that I have seen those of whom your face puts me in mind."

"And who are they? Where do they live? The name? The name!"

"Let me ask you a question first. How long have you been here?"

"With Laroon?"

"Yes."

"Ever since I can remember."

"And can you remember nothing back of that?"

"Yes," returned Paul, eagerly, and yet sadly. "I can remember of playing in a wide park, and riding a little pony. And I can remember of a little brook where I used to play in the water."

"And do you remember the name of the person with whom you lived then?"

"No, sir. Laroon has done everything in his power to make me forget those things, and what with my youth, and with his false— Yes—*falsehood*—for I believe he has lied to me—I have forgotten it all. I can remember, one cold, wet day, of being taken into a carriage with a strange man, and my little Mary with me—and of being driven off a long distance, and then Marl Laroon came, and during the rest of the day we walked. And I can remember how little Mary cried, and how he told her he would kill her if she did not stop. And then we stopped at a strange house and slept that night, and the next day we reached the place where I saw ships and wharves. That was Bristol, as Marl has since told me."

"And you have been with him ever since?"

"Yes."

"Did you come here then?"

"No. His rendezvous was then at Tobago. We remained there until I was ten years old, and then he took me to sea, and left Mary in care of an old woman there. When I was fourteen he moved his head-quarters to this place, and since then Mary has lived here?"

"Is this girl of whom you speak a sister of yours?"

"O, no," quickly replied the youth; and in a tone which seemed to imply that he hoped not.

"Did you ask Laroon whom you used to live with?"

"Yes, and he told me it was with a man named Delany."

"Then why did you say you had forgotten the name?"

"Because I do not think that is true."

For some moments Burnington was silent, but at length he said:

"Did you ever know any one whom you called '*Uncle Stephen*?'"

Paul started to his feet and laid both his hands upon his companion's shoulders, and after gazing a few moments into his face, he said:

"Speak that name again!"

"*Uncle Stephen.*"

"Ay—I remember it well. Now do I know that that name has often prattled over my boyhood's tongue. But there is more. *Stephen* is but half the name."

"*Humphrey!*" spoke Buffo, in a low, meaning tone."

The youth sat back upon the gun carriage and folded his hands in his lap.

"Why—O, why," he murmured, "have I never been able to call these things to mind? O, how clearly now is the whole thing. How well do I remember that name—'*Uncle Stephen*,' 'Stephen Humphrey.' But tell me, sir, what you know of this?"

Burnington made no answer, but sat with his dark face hidden in his great hands. Paul had more time to reflect, and his anxiety grew apace.

"By my soul," he uttered, laying his hand upon his companion's arm, "you must know something of my people—something of my early childhood. Do not refuse me!"

"I know your countenance put me in mind of those whom I had seen," returned Burnington, and then, after some hesitation, he added, "I was at Sir Stephen's—"

"*Sir* Stephen!" interrupted Paul, with energy. "Then I am honorably connected!"

"You once had most honorable friends. But let me go on. I was once at Sir Stephen Humphrey's, and I saw you there. I am sure 'twas you. That was seventeen years ago—you were a mere infant then, perhaps two years old. I can tell you no more, save that I knew you when I saw you here. I knew you from the very lines of your face."

"But tell me if I have friends living!"

"Yes, you have friends all about you. Ben Marton would die for you, and half the crew—"

"I know that," interrupted Paul, with a grateful emotion manifest in his tone; "but you know what I mean. Have I any friends in England!"

"I think you have, but upon my soul I cannot assure you to that effect. It has been a long while since I was in England."

"Can you tell me in what part of England Sir Stephen lived!"

"In Northamptonshire. Hark! What sound was that!"

"Poor Ben is awake," answered Paul, starting to his feet. "We shall converse again!"

"Perhaps so."

The youth heard Ben's voice calling to him, and he stopped to say no more.

Buffo Burnington watched the graceful figure of his companion until it had disappeared down the companion-way, and then he arose and walked forward, muttering to himself as he went:

"He has a friend he little dreams of."

CHAPTER VII.

MARY. THE EAVESDROPPER.

On the following day, towards the middle of the forenoon, Paul left the brig to go up the river. He had the same boat which the captain had used the evening previous, and he would have had the same crew had he listened to the will of Laroon. But he was determined to have men of his own choosing, and he did so. For the first time in his life, he believed the chieftain wished to play the spy upon his motions, for there was something in Marl Laroon's look and tone while he was trying to force a boat's crew of his own selection upon the youth, which seemed to indicate that he had some secret reason for wishing it; but Paul simply remarked that he had promised four of his best friends that they should go up with him, and go they should. The pirate captain dared not openly resist the young man, for well he knew that he should find few adherents to back him against his noble-hearted protege.

"You will take good care of Ben," said the youth, as he stood at the gangway.

"Certainly," returned Marl, gruffly, and with ill-humor.

"Do not leave him, for he will worry if you do, and you may run the risk of losing one of the most useful men you ever had."

"I know my duty, sir." This was spoken in a quick, sharp tone, and Paul knew its meaning, so he went over the side without saying anything more.

As soon as the boat had fairly entered the river the scene became delightful in the extreme. The bed of the stream seemed to be composed of fine white sand, and it gave to the water that brilliant, silvery appearance which had suggested the name of the stream and the bay. The banks were covered with verdure and aromatic shrubs, and flowers of every size and hue were abundant. And then the birds which flew from shore to shore, and from bough to bough, were brilliant and gaudy in plumage, and some of them—some of the more insignificant in outward show—warbled most sweetly. It was amid such a scene that the boat was pulled for a distance of five miles ere anything like a human habitation was seen. But at length, as they rounded an abrupt angle in the river, they came in sight of a clump of buildings, most of which were small, thatched cots; but upon one side, where a rivulet flowed down to the river, stood a large building of stone, seeming to have been originally erected for a place of refuge, for it was surrounded by a high wall with circular towers at the angles, in which were numerous embrasures for guns, though no guns were at present to be seen.

Towards this castle-like building the boat was pulled, entering the small tributary stream, which flowed beneath the wall. When they reached the point where the water came from beneath the wall, Paul gave a loud cry and ere long a human head appeared upon the other side, and soon afterwards a heavy iron portcullis was raised, and the boat glided through beneath the heavy arch which was thus guarded.

This building was constructed somewhat after the Moorish style of architecture, and was quite spacious. There were two stories above ground, and how much room there was below this, even Paul himself did not know. He only knew that the structure was built by the Spanish buccaneers many years before, and that it had once stood a very severe siege. The courtyard, within the wall, was some twenty rods long by fifteen wide, and then there was much more room back of the buildings.

In one of the chambers of this place—a chamber sumptuously furnished—sat a female. She was not more than seventeen years of age, and as beautiful as the fabled houri. In form she was light and graceful, but yet full and well rounded, possessing much more muscle and weight of flesh than her appearance would seem to indicate. Her hair was a light auburn, having a golden hue where the light rested upon it, and hung in glossy curls about her neck and shoulders. Her eyes were a deep, sparkling blue, and her features were as regular and finely chiselled as the most ambitious sculptor could wish to imitate. And then the tone of her features was one of love and joyousness—of faith and purity—of truth and holy virtue, and surely smiles would find a genial, happy home there when the soul was at rest. She was called, by those who knew her now, Mary Delaney.

She was sitting by a window which overlooked the hills and plains back of the building, and there had surely been tears upon her cheeks. The expression of her face was one of eager, anxious earnestness, and at the slightest noise she started up, while the rich blood mounted to her face. Soon there came the sound of footsteps upon the stairs, and some one approached her room. She started to her feet—her door was opened—she saw the form of a man—and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of Paul Laroon.

"O, Paul, Paul!" she murmured, as she wound her arms more tightly about his neck, and gazed up through her happy tears, "thanks be to God that I see you once more. O, Paul—my own dear—"

She did not finish the sentence, for the word she would have uttered seemed to stick in her throat.

"I am back once more, Mary," the young man said, as he led her to a sofa and sat down by her side, "and what joy is mine to find you so well and in safety. O, this has been a long, long year."

"Over a year, Paul—over a year."

"So it has. It was a year last spring."

"And why did you not come and see me last spring, when the captain came? O, I watched for you then."

"Did not he tell you why I came not?"

"Only that you—"

"What?" Speak on."

"He said you did not care to come." And as the girl thus spoke she burst into tears.

"Did he tell you that!" uttered the youth, indignantly, and with much surprise.

"He did."

"And did he make no explanation?"

"No."

"Then he deceived you, Mary, most wickedly deceived you. On that occasion our vessel lay at our rendezvous at Tobago. Six of our men lay at the point of death, and when they heard that I meant to leave them they wept like children, and begged me not to forsake them to death. What could I do? Those men had been friends to me, and I know that some of them would have laid down their very lives for me in case of need. I was the only physician. I asked Laroon to run the brig to Silver Bay, but he would not. He said he had found passage to Porto Cabello, and he should go, and that I might go with him. I asked him what was to become of our sick men. His answer was this: 'Let them die if they will. We can get new men more easily than we can cure them!' I told him to come, and to tell you that I had remained behind to save the lives of some of my suffering fellow-creatures."

"O!" murmured the maiden, once more throwing her arms about the youth's neck. "I could not believe all that he meant for me to believe, but yet I was sad and unhappy. But I bless you now. Ah, Paul, I should have been happier had I known all before."

"Then you may be happy that you know all now; and if the knowledge of my truth and virtue will make you happy, be so ever."

The maiden withdrew her arms from the young man's neck, leaving one hand resting upon his shoulder, and then she looked inquiringly up into his face. There was something strange, almost imploring, in the cast of her countenance at that moment. For awhile Paul returned the gaze in silence, but at length he said:

"What do you mean, Mary?"

"You will not be offended, Paul?"

"You know me better."

"Then I was thinking what assurance I could have of your—"

"Speak on. Fear not that I shall think unkindly of your words."

"O, Paul—I have feared—long and painfully feared that your present life would not long leave you in virtue. Do not blame me. I cannot help it. But look at the men with whom you associate—and—and look at the life you follow. And—and—"

The afflicted girl lost her power of utterance here, and bowed her head upon her companion's bosom.

"Speak it all, Mary," he said.

"I will," she sobbed; "and I know you will not blame me. Look at these poor females who live in the humble cots about me. And I know there are more at Tobago. They are not wives, Paul!"

"Mary," spoke the youth, drawing the lovely girl more closely to him, and speaking in a tone very low and earnest, "I know what you mean, and I bless you that you have opened this way for me to speak. Too well do I know what misery and shame there is in the track of our people, but God know that none of it can be laid upon my shoulders. What I might have been had I been differently situated, I will not pretend to say, but so long as your pure image is before my mind my soul knows no wickedness, my heart, no impurity. Sooner would I place the pistol's flaming muzzle to my own temple than have the shame of a defenceless female upon my head. Ay, and sooner would I quit life now, with all its hopes, than have such shame upon myself. No, no, Mary, not yet has stain of my own will come upon me. Are you happy now?"

"Yes, Paul—happy *now*; but how shall the future be?"

"I know what you mean," quickly responded our hero; and holding his companion so that he could look into her face, he continued: "It was upon this subject that I most desired to speak. I know that I am not safe where I am. I mean my character and my person, for no power could ever willingly lead me into the sin I see so much about me. I detest the doers of it too bitterly, and loathe the deeds too deeply, to ever enter into the work. But I have resolved not to remain any longer than I can help. Many a time could I have fled from the wicked men, but I had rather die here than go alone. Sometime—sometime, when I can take you with me,—then will I flee from them. Do you understand me, Mary?"

"Yes, Paul."

"And would you flee with me?"

"O, how gladly—how quickly!"

"And when we had fled you would be mine for life?"

"Everything—anything—for you, Paul, so that I might be free from the rule of our dark master."

"And you love me, then? You love me with your whole soul?"

"I have ever loved thee; and thou art all on earth I have to love."

For some moments after this, the twain sat there locked in each other's arms. They understood each other's soul now, and it may be supposed that their thoughts were running nearly in the same channel. At length the young man spoke:

"Mary," he said, "we have a strange man on board our vessel. "He knows where we used to live in England."

The maiden started up and looked her companion almost wildly in the face; but the extreme emotion soon passed away, and she was more calm.

"He told me some things," continued Paul, "which I remembered. Do you remember the name of *Humphrey*?"

Mary repeated the name several times, and a sort of intelligent gleam at length rested upon her countenance.

"Surely, Paul, there is something familiar in the sound of that name, but I cannot call it to mind."

"I should not suppose you could, for you were not over three years old when we both came with Marl Laroon. But this man of whom I speak has seen us both, in years gone by—long ago—when we were both very small—at Sir Stephen Humphrey's, and I remember of calling some one, '*Uncle Stephen*'—I remember it well. O, Mary, we must escape from here! I know that Marl Laroon has no right to us, and I cannot divest myself of the idea that he did a great sin when he took us away from our home."

"Then he is not your father!" uttered the maiden, with some energy.

"No!" answered Paul, quickly and energetically. "I know he is not my father. Not only does every feeling of my soul assure me that such is not the case, but Marl Laroon's own manner proves it. And then this man—Buffo Burnington, he calls himself—assures me that he is not. Thank God, I owe no spark of being to that dark-souled man!"

There was another silence of some moments, at the end of which Paul resumed:

"Marl Laroon was here last night. Of course you saw him."

"Yes," returned Mary, with a shudder, "he was with me a long while."

"And what did he say?"

"I could not tell you. He talked at times very strangely, and—you may laugh at me, and think me foolish—but certainly he did talk more like a lover than a guardian."

Paul started, and turned pale.

"What is the matter?" asked Mary.

"O, we must escape from here as soon as possible," cried the youth, anxiously.

"But why?—what now?"

"Can you not see? Mark Laroon *does* love you—all he is capable of loving. If we remain here, you are lost. Now I know what his strange words to me have meant. He means that you shall be his!"

The fair girl gazed into her companion's face for some moments without speaking, and the fixed, vacant look of the eyes showed that she was thinking of something past.

"God have mercy on me!" she at length uttered, clasping her hands together. "It is for that, perhaps, that he has called the miners—four of them—to the castle, and bade them remain here. It is for that he has given directions for having the night-watch doubled, and for having no soul pass out from here save the crew of the brig, and the fishermen and hunters."

"Has he given all these orders?" asked Paul.

"Yes."

"And how has it been with you since he was here last? Have you been strictly watched?"

"I have been but a prisoner, Paul—but a mere prisoner. I have not been allowed to go outside these walls without two attendants, and one of those must be from among Laroon's blind followers. His negroes have kept an eye upon me all the time, and I do not think that during the past year I could have escaped even had I bent my whole energies to the purpose all the time. But do you—oh! do you think that he meant to—to—"

"I *fear* he meant to make you his own, body and soul."

"His *wife*, you mean?" uttered Mary, in a trembling whisper.

"Yes. He would call it *wife*, I suppose; and he might have a regular priest come and make you so."

The maiden bowed her head, and her frame shook with strong emotion. It was now growing dusk, for the sun had set some time since, and the shades of night were beginning to gather their garb over the things of earth. Mary turned to the window, and looked out. Paul arose and walked several times across the room, and when he stopped it was close by the door which opened to the corridor by which he had entered. Just as he stopped he was sure he heard some one at the door. Without waiting to reflect, he moved to the door and opened it, and he saw a black woman just hurrying away from the spot. His first impulse was to spring out into the corridor and catch her, and he obeyed it.

"What are you doing here?" was his first question, as he seized the negress by the arm. She was one of Laroon's slaves, and some fifty or sixty years of age, with a face upon which were strongly marked cunning and cruelty. "What are you doing here!" repeated Paul, in no very gentle terms.

"Nuff'n," was the short reply.

"Then why were you here?"

"'Cause I have to be here—all ober de house jus' whar I'm a mind to."

"Were you not listening at that door?"

"No, sar—sartin' I wa'n't."

As the woman gave this answer, she freed herself by a jerk from the youth's grasp, and then hastened away. Paul returned to the room where he had left Mary, and found her just coming towards him.

"Paul," she said, "I thought you told me that Marl Laroon would remain on board the brig until you returned."

"So I did," the young man returned, with some surprise.

"But he is here now."

"Who is here?"

"The captain."

"Impossible!"

"I am sure I saw him in the garden but a moment ago, and he was gazing most closely up at my window."

Paul started to the window and looked out, but he could see nothing. This window overlooked a small garden which was enclosed within the wall, and Mary pointed to a clump of orange shrubs, where she had seen Laroon. But it was too dark now to see objects plainly at such a distance, and Paul soon gave up the search. But he was not easy. First, he believed that the old slave had been set to watch him, and if Marl Laroon had really come up from the brig, then there was something serious in the wind.

Mary ordered her attendants to prepare her supper in her own apartment, and to prepare enough for two, and ere long afterwards candles were brought, and the meal was served. Paul ate almost in silence, for he was very uneasy, and he wished not to force his doubts upon his fair companion; and Mary, too, was far from being easy in her mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLOTTING AND COUNTER PLOTTING.

While Paul and Mary were eating their supper, there was a scene transpiring in another part of the building that was not wholly unconnected with their interests. Marl Laroon had come up from the brig, though he had not come in a boat. He had administered a powerful dose of opium to the old gunner, and as soon as the invalid was asleep, he had been set on shore for the purpose, as he said, of taking a look at the country. As soon as his boat had returned, and he had got out of sight from the crew, he had started for the castle.

It was an out-of-the-way apartment in which the pirate captain now was, and he had one companion—the very woman whom we have seen at the young people's door, and whom Paul caught in the act.

"Now what have you heard?" asked Marl, with much eagerness.

"O, I heard lots," returned the old negress, showing the whites of her eyes, prodigiously.

"Have you heard them speak of me?"

"Yes, mas'r—lots 'bout you. Paul said you wasn't his farder, an' Miss Mary, she said she war dreffal glad. Den dey tole—or rudder Mas'r Paul tole 'bout man 'board de brig as tole him you for sartin sure wa'n't his farder, eh!"

"By Saint Paul!" uttered the pirate, grinding his teeth, "that is some of Mr. Buffo Burnington's—"

"Dat's 'um—dat's 'um, mas'r," interrupted the slave, clapping her hands. "Dat's 'is name, 'cause I heerd Mas'r Paul say so."

"But tell me, Hagar, what else did Paul say about this fellow?"

"O, he said lots. Fust, dis man tole him what he war born, an' who he lib wid when he war little piccaniny. Den he told him 'bout—'bout de man what he call uncle. I'se forgot de name."

"Was it Dunklee?" asked Marl.

"No, no—dat wasn't it," said Hagar, shaking her head, thoughtfully.

"Wasn't it Dumfreys?"

"No, no. Ah, I roch um now! It was not Dumfreys, but it was Humphrey. Dat's 'um for sartin sure."

The pirate's black eyes now emitted sparks of fire. He walked up and down the narrow apartment several times like a chafed tiger. At length he stopped, being somewhat cooled down.

"Did you hear anything more about this Buffo Burnington?"

"No, mass'r, noff 'n more 'bout him."

"Now tell me what else the boy and girl talked about."

"My samp, mas'r, he lubs her, and she lubs he; an' dey talked 'bout runnin' away."

"Did they make any plans for doing so?"

"Doin' how?"

"Running away."

"No—not's I knows on. But dey was boff of 'um dreffal 'fraid you war goin' to marry wid Mary."

"And that was the amount of all you heard?" said Marl, in a deep whisper.

"Yes," said Hagar, showing her teeth, "'cept missus tole Mas'r Paul 'bout how you had kep' her watched, an' how you had gone to set more watch ober de castle. Mas'r Paul tole her you was sartin sure goin' to make her your wife, an' den she said, 'God bress me,'—no, she say, 'God hab mercy!' dat was it. An' den, yer see, Mas'r Paul, he cum an' open de door rite in my face, an' cotched me hold de arm, but he no hold dis chile. I got away jus' as easy."

And as the old woman remembered how she had given the youth the slip, she indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter.

Again Marl Larcon walked up and down the room, and when he stopped, there was a dark smile upon his face.

"Hagar," he said, "you have done well, and you shall be rewarded for it. You have served me more than you can be aware of. By my floating flag these vipers shall know whom they have to deal with. Mr. Buffo Burnington shall come in for his share soon—much sooner than he dreams of. He shall have something to do beside—but never mind. He'll make excellent food for fishes!"

"So he will," chimed in the old woman, showing her teeth more than before.

The pirate stopped at this interruption, and evidently thought that he had better keep his thoughts to himself, for he meditated no more aloud, but turning to his old slave, he said:

"You must watch them carefully, and be sure that they move not into the garden without you are close upon them. Follow them every where they go, and hear every word they say. And mind, not one lisp that I have been here to-night—not a word to a living soul. I shall be here to-morrow night, and then you shall tell what more you have seen and heard."

Hagar promised to obey, and shortly afterwards the pirate captain left the place. He passed out through the garden, and from thence he made his exit by way of a postern, and then hurried off by the upland path to the bay, which he reached about nine o'clock. At a given signal a boat came off for him, and his patient was

not yet awake, so he fancied there would be no trouble on account of poor Ben.

After Paul and Mary had done their supper, and the things had been removed, they sat down and commenced to converse once more. The young man had been thinking much during the meal, and he was ready now to go ahead with his investigations. He had a mind naturally quick and strong, and a power of reasoning that was seldom at fault. Added to this he possessed one of those ready wits which never fail to serve a good purpose in cases of emergency, and his past life had been of a character to keep all these points of mental power at work, for he had been a whole lifetime, almost, engaged in keeping himself free from the burden of guilt which Laroon would put upon him. And then he knew Laroon's character well.

"Mary," he said, "are you sure that was Marl Laroon whom you saw in the garden?"

"Just as sure as I am that I see you now," replied the maiden.

"Then of course he has come to watch us. I know him well. I can see now the meaning of some things that have puzzled me exceedingly—some things in his manner towards me. But if he was come to watch us, of course he will gain his information of some one else. Is there any one in the castle whom you think you have occasion to think he would select in preference to another for a spy?"

"O yes. He would take old Hagar for that business.

"And she is the one whom I found at the door. Now that woman may have heard every word we spoke, for I know we spoke loud enough for any one to hear who stood in the passage near the door. And if that is the case, then she has heard some strange things; and if she tells Laroon all, then he will have his eyes opened. It is a bad piece of business. But I will find out whether she saw the captain. Does she answer your summons?"

"Yes, always; but you will get nothing from her, for she is as crafty as a fox, and as cunning as mortal can be."

"Never mind. I may not get any words from her to that effect, but I can read much from her looks. Will you call her?"

Mary arose and pulled a cord that hung near her, and ere long a young Indian girl appeared, and our heroine requested her to send Hagar up. The girl disappeared, and in a short time afterwards Hagar made her appearance.

"Hagar," said Paul, speaking kindly, and with a smile, "I forgot to tell you before, but the captain wants you to have everything ready for him to-morrow night, as he will be here at that time."

"Sartin," responded the old woman, with a twinkling of the brown eyes that Paul at once understood.

"That was the order he sent by me, and for the sake of doing my duty I give it, but you needn't make the preparations, for he will not come."

"Eh! Why wont he come?"

"Because this afternoon he fell and broke his leg."

"Hi, hi, hi—yah, yah, yah—ah, ah," laughed the old slave. "Guess Mas'r Paul don't know nuff 'a 'bout it."

"But I do know. The poor man is suffering the most excruciating agony, and he cannot bear to be brought up here."

The old woman smiled, but spoke not a word.

"What do you think about it?" asked Paul.

"I think I'll do same as you do. I git 'um all ready so to obey orders, eh?"

"Very well. That's all."

Hagar went out, and as soon as Paul was sure she was out of hearing, he said:

"So she has seen him."

"Are you sure, Paul?"

"Sure?" iterated the youth, in evident surprise. "How should she know his leg was not broken if she had not seen him?"

"But does she know that it is not broken?"

"Ah, Mary, you would never make a good lawyer. Suppose she had not seen Laroon safe and sound since I came here, can you not imagine how her tongue would have rattled with questions the moment I told her of the accident? Why, she would have fairly whelmed me with them. And then do you suppose she would have laughed in that way if she had not known the truth from actual sight?"

"I see, now," returned Mary, shuddering at the thought of how much might have come to the pirate captain's ears.

"But, do not fear," urged Paul, as he noticed his companion's emotion, "for Marl Laroon will have his hands and head both full when he attempts to come directly to the antagonistic with me. Very fortunately I now know as much as he does, and more too; for I know just how much he knows, while he will not dream that I mistrust him."

"But how much do you think he does know?" asked Mary.

"Why, I feel confident that he knows nearly all we said before you saw him in the garden, for I remember well of hearing a noise at the door—a sort of low, wheezing sound, several times, but it did not attract my attention until I arose from my chair. I am confident Hagar heard it all, and if she did, then the captain knows it all now. I am more sorry for Burnington than for myself; but I will put him on his guard as soon as I go on board. I wish I knew more of that man."

"Why," uttered the maiden, "is there any thing peculiar about him?"

"Of course, there must be; and since I have been here—within the last five minutes, I have thought more of him than I ever did before. His face is before me, and I see it plainly—I see it as something that I have surely seen before—and yet, so strange is that face, that even an infant should not seem to forget it. And then his voice, too. But I cannot think—I cannot call up clearly, nor even dimly, anything of him in the past."

"But what is he, Paul?" asked Mary, much interested. "What sort of a looking man?"

"At first sight he is one of the most uncomely, homely, repulsive men I ever saw. He has but one eye, and the yellow socket is very much disfigured. His face is very dark; his hair red, and short, and crisp; his brow very low and overhanging; his face all distorted and grim; and besides all this, one of his legs is much shorter than the other."

"Surely," returned Mary, with a smile, "you have painted not a very inviting figure."

"So he first appeared to me; but since I have talked with him, he appears differently——Ay—when three stout men had set upon me, he came up and overcame them. When not another of my shipmates noticed me, he sought me out in my need and saved me. He struck bravely too."

"O how I shall love him, now," murmured the fair girl, while her zeal brought a bright tear-drop to her eye.

Paul understood her meaning, and his grateful look was reward enough.

The moon was up bright and full, and the lovers walked out into the garden. There was some dew upon the grass, but they noticed it not. They had walked about the place once, talking the while only that sweet, soft language, which is nonsense to all save those who talk it, when Paul was sure he heard other footsteps near him. He stopped and listened.

"Mary," he said, "we are surely dogged."

He spoke in a sort of hushed, tremulous whisper, for he was moved very deeply. This continuous espionage cut him to the quick. The first case—that of the watching by Hagar in the corridor—seemed to be of such moment, that he had looked upon it almost in the light of a fair thing; but to be thus followed in his every motion of privacy, not only annoyed him, but it made him angry, and his mind was quickly made up that he would put an end to it. He considered himself by right of circumstance, which had been forced upon him, second only in authority in that place, at least so far as personal freedom from annoyance went, and he determined to exercise his right.

"Let us walk around again, my love," he said, to his companion; and accordingly they started.

Paul conversed as before, but his thoughts were upon the subject of his plague, and he watched narrowly for some demonstration. At length he had reached a point where a thick clump of rose bushes grew at an angle of the wall, and when he reached this, he was sure some one was near him. He passed on, but kept an eye directed behind him. In a moment more, he heard something in the path, and on turning quickly about, he saw a dark figure just gliding across the path from the rose bushes. He saw in an instant that it was Hagar. With one bound he reached her side, and seizing her by the throat, he forced her to the ground. With his handkerchief he bound her ankles firmly together, and then taking off her long cotton apron he folded it up, and with it he bound her wrists down to her knees. Having thus deprived her of all power of locomotion, he said to her, in a tone which she knew too well meant all that it said:

"Now if you make the least noise with your mouth, even so much as would awaken a sparrow that had perched upon your black nose, I'll finish the work by putting a gag between your jaws. I think you know me!"

From that time Paul and Mary walked in the garden undisturbed, and before they separated for the night, they said much which they would not have others hear.

"We must watch and be wary," said the youth, at the end of a long conversation upon the subject of their love, and the probable chances of their ever enjoying life free from pain and bitterness. "We must remember that others have eyes as sharp as ours, and that others may wish to detain us as much as we may wish to go. If Marl Laroon approaches you on this subject, be sure that you let him not see one mite of your purpose. And above all, do not be too hasty with him. He may ask you to become his wife. I think it very likely he will. And if he does, you must not refuse him too abruptly. Better not refuse him at all, at first, but put him off, and let me know of it."

Mary promised that she would do her best to maintain her own presence of mind, and to keep Laroon from excess of passion, and that she would let Paul know of all that happened. At all events she would not let slip one word which could implicate either of them in any plan for desertion.

Before our hero retired to the dwelling, he went and set Hagar free.

"You'll suffer for dis," she said, as she rose to her feet, and shook herself.

"You'll suffer more still, if you do not keep out of my way. I have known people to die before now, by forcing themselves into dangerous places."

If Paul could have seen the wild, unearthly grin that rested on the old woman's shrivelled features, he would have imagined that she did not fear the, however, it would have affected him very little, either one way or the other.

Ere long, after this, Paul had retired to his rest for the night, and amid all the wild hopes and fears that crowded on him, he forgot not to offer up a prayer to Him who alone is able to save.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HORSE OR TWO.

Mr. Perkins, in his late speech on the Diplomatic Reform bill, says the Baton Rouge Advocate, quotes a passage from one of Silas Dean's letters to his government, by way of illustrating some of the frivolous characteristics of American diplomacy at the French Court, under the ancient *regime*. Marie Antoniette—that beautiful and accomplished lady, whose misfortunes threw a mournful halo around an expiring dynasty—was but a woman, after all, and accessible, as all her sex have been, from a queen to a washerwoman, to judicious attentions, compliments, presents, and so on. The shrewd minister, it seems, made this profound discovery, and therefore writes home with all despatch, as follows: "The queen is fond of parade; she loves riding on horseback; could you send me a fine Narragansett horse or two? The money would be well laid out. A few barrels of apples, walnuts, cranberries, butternuts, etc., would be great curiosities." Just think of a grave and astute gentleman of the revolutionary times having to qualify himself as diplomatic equerry and green grocer to the French bench!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE OPENING SPRING.

BY C. G. DUNN.

The snow is melting from the hills,
And many a rale to life returning;
Decks the bright scene with sprouting green,
As smiling comes the modest morning.
O soon the gloomy days of March—
The days when winds came by a howling;
And all the shrouds of leaden clouds
Shall cease their coldness and their scowling.

Then leaves shall nestle on the trees,
And many a bird shall then be singing;
The rabbit then shall sport i' the glen,
And many a butterfly be winging.
At even-tide the peeper's song,
And many a bull-frog's guttural chorus,
Shall wafted be, o'er hill and lea,
From ponds, and brooks, and many a morass.

O, haste the advent of the day,
When summer shall bring back her pleasures;
And wear her garment and diadem.
And clothe the earth in harvest treasures:
O, haste the day when summer breaks
In nature's noblest grandeur o'er us;
When man shall sing a welcoming,
And all of nature swell the chorus.

[Translated from the German for The Flag of our Union.]

A HOUSE OF MY OWN.

BY PERLEY HARRIS.

THERE wasn't a prettier maiden in the whole village than the baker's daughter Zilge. Zilge was seldom seen in the street, and she never engaged in field-work. She sat all day long at the cooper's window, busily engaged at her embroidery, for which she found ready purchasers in the Swiss merchants who often passed that way. She early became an orphan. Her father had been a prosperous baker and brewer in a hamlet near by, but had deserted his business and finally died a poor quarrelsome attorney. Zilge went to live with her childless relation, the cooper, and would have been adopted by him had it not been for her proud temper, which would bear no restraint; so her place was finally taken by a niece of the cooper's wife. She bore this indifferently, but her pride was not yet broken.

Her only brother was a baker and brewer in some distant country. There came a time when the mason Seb was much envied, for Zilge had chosen him before all her lovers. But for fourteen years they were only betrothed. When it first came about, Zilge was seventeen and Seb nineteen. Before Seb went away to his work in the spring, and when he came back in the autumn, they always walked together every Sunday afternoon. They never went arm in arm, nor touched one another's hands, but for all this they were firmly united. Sometimes they went to Weitingen, but never to a hotel, for Zilge would allow no unnecessary expense. Seb visited one of his fellow-workmen. When there was a holiday in the village, they always withdrew from the festivities, for they were too old to join the young people, who had been mere children when they were betrothed, and they could not associate with their former companions, for they were nearly all married.

But why did they delay so long? At first they were too poor, for in the Black Forest villages no one can marry till he can prove himself able to support his family. When they had laid up the required sum, Zilge insisted on still further increasing it for she brought up many examples of young married people who after one or two years had fallen into great distress.

Seb sometimes declared Zilge could not love him, or she would not so put off their marriage, but she could always soothe him and convince him, of her fidelity. Oftentimes they talked of America, that elysium to the young of the old world, and Seb sometimes declared he would go thither to earn his fortune, and then Zilge should follow him, or he would come back and fetch her. Zilge one day said to him:

"If I were a young man and were sure of my betrothed's affection, I would waste no words in talking. I would go to America, and then send for her to come to me. But now that you have asked my advice, I tell you, you will not go so far away from me across the sea with my consent."

"Then go with me," pleaded Seb.

"No, that I will not," she replied.

They often told one another how much each had laid up. Finally, Zilge declared she had lived long enough in others' houses, and she would never be married till they could build a house for themselves. Seb would have much preferred spending their earnings on a good piece of land where they might keep a cow, but Zilge opposed this, for she said, "field work would spoil her hands for her embroidery." Seb often thought of carrying out his resolution of going to America, but love for her withheld him. Whenever he proposed buying any house which chance left vacant, Zilge would not listen to the plan. She said to him:

"If I were a tailor, I should be ashamed to buy an old coat, and what is the use of your being a mason, if you cannot build a house for yourself."

Many pitied Seb, for Zilge had few friends in the village. Her way of life separated her from most of the people, and many warned Seb of her temper, which had deprived her of the cooper's inheritance.

Finally, the fifteenth spring, Seb came to Zilge and told her he had bought from the new brickmaker, who had settled in the village, the small hill with two pine trees, opposite the cooper's house. And he praised the situation, for the view extended over the meadows to the mountains. "I will turn the house to the meadow," said he, triumphantly, "and then no one will overlook us but the sun. Now I can fulfil your wishes, and you shall see what I will do."

Seb and his father labored constantly on the new house. After digging a few feet, for it was necessary that the foundation should be deeply laid, they came to a layer of sand. Seb's father tried to persuade him to choose another location down the hill, but no, Seb was determined on this spot and no other. He was yet young, and youth is an obstinate time. He felt very sure he would be secure. The builder's court, without whose consent no new house can be raised, had also pronounced this a suitable spot. There is an old proverb, "A rich man growing poor, is better off than a poor man growing rich;" and Seb in part found now its truth. His father warned him of the expense of a new house and a wife, but Seb trusted in the long tried frugality of Zilge.

His work went on busily, however, for many of his neighbors lent him a helping hand. He had a plan of the whole place with the house to be hung opposite the window where Zilge would sit with her sewing. The two pine trees he used to call in jest, his forest. The whole summer he was in a state of feverish activity. Long before dawn he was hard at work. The house was built of stone and possessed a charming view out over the meadow, now covered with wild roses, and the speech which Seb had made to Zilge, being often repeated—"I will build you a little bird's nest," the house acquired this name.

One day as Seb stood exultingly surveying his work, a dreadful fear thrilled through him. The east side had certainly sunk several inches in the ground. Still, his father, who had been most anxious, had seen nothing. He might yet be mistaken. A hope that this might indeed be so, struggled within him with a faith in the accuracy of his eyesight, but when the time came to put on the roof he could no longer doubt. He inserted a row of bricks between the roof and the east side, and consoled himself with the thought that it was still a secret. Seb had restrained himself from measuring, for he feared even yet that further proof, but he knew if his father's suspicions were excited, he would insist on applying his rule. Fortunately his father trusted to his eye, and declared everything in perfect order. Everything went on swimmingly. The new brickmaker pronounced the whole a master-piece, and provided him with his new fashioned glazed bricks for the roof, at the price of the common brick. With a double row of green and white glazed bricks he made the letters S. and Z., and the date over the door, and now every one looked with admiration on the house, pronouncing it a charming "little bird's nest."

In the autumn Seb and Zilge were married. Zilge's brother had lately received the appointment of forester, and he was present at the wedding, though the people looked somewhat coldly upon him, for these villagers like not government officials, especially when their own people have left their employments to take these stations. Seb could not help sharing in the general feeling, and the forester, who saw this, finally turned to his sister, saying:

"Zilge, if your husband ever turns against you and forgets who you are, come to me."

But a weight hung over the festivities, and it was not till they were established in their own home that the young people were really happy. But the warning of Seb's father was only too well proved, except with regard to Zilge. Seb found himself deeply in debt, but the first day of his marriage the brickmaker offered him a contract for a new house. Seb often thought it was Zilge who was the cause of all his fortune, for she had induced him to build this house, the success of which brought him in the new orders, and he said this to her so often, that she really came to believe this was the reason which had actuated her. She continued busy with her embroidery from morning till night, and yet no house in the village was better kept than theirs.

The winter was mild, and Seb could continue his work, but it did not pass entirely without discomfort and sorrow. Seb's father fell very ill. As his last hour drew nigh, he desired to be left alone with Seb, and said:

"Seb, all will be over soon, and I shall be beyond home. Let us call in witnesses, and I will swear that if anything shall ever happen to your house, it is my fault alone."

"No, father," said Seb, "you must not die with a lie in your mouth, and take my fault upon yourself."

The old man lay silent for a few moments, then said:

"You are right, it would have lain heavily upon me, and God will reward you."

Before evening the old man was dead. In that part of the country it is not customary to mourn deeply for those who die full of years. It is considered the course of nature. There was therefore so much the more surprise at Seb's uncontrolled sorrow. Zilge used every argument to soothe him, but all in vain. She said she too was an orphan, and he would have said that her father was not to be compared with his, but love to her restrained him. Finally, she said, people would think he repented his marriage with her, and this produced its effect.

This spring a circumstance occurred which gave great joy to both. A pair of swallows built their nest in the eaves of the house. Zilge half believed in the superstition of good luck which had attended them, and Seb knew that their natural instinct always led them to put their nests in a safe place. On the same day that the new house of the brickmaker was finished, the first of which Seb had been master builder, a son was born to them. The young people assembled before the house with songs of joy, and with exultation Zilge heard herself called the wife of the master-builder. The swallows twittered before the house as Zilge sung her little "John" to sleep with the long forgotten songs of childhood. Zilge was more industrious than ever, for she wished to pay off the debts on the house, which would now be his inheritance, and before their daughter was born they succeeded in this. Now when they went to church together on Sundays, their joy seemed full. Zilge said one day:

"There is something beautiful to me in our going to church together. I feel more than ever then, that we are one and not two. And our little John will soon join us. Our house, too, is part of us, for is it not the product of my needle and your hammer?"

Seb smiled lovingly, and said:

"The finest could not talk better." And from their separate places in the church they often looked over at one another.

So four years passed. Then in the spring, after a week's rain, the water began to pour down on the house. Seb dug a trench, but the brickmaker to whom the neighboring meadow belonged, objected, for the water, as he declared, now injured instead of benefiting his land, and a vexatious lawsuit ensued. One night Zilge cried out that she knew the house had given way. Seb confessed to her that this had long been the case, but that nothing new had occurred. He ordered her to be silent for the sake of his reputation.

"But if the house falls, what will become of the children?" said she, sadly.

"Do you care nothing for me?" said Seb.

"I do not for myself," she replied.

Seb went out and saw that the brick-maker had altered the water-course, and the water was pouring round his house. He rushed to the bailiff to complain, but before he reached the house the alarm-bell rang, and he heard a cry:

"Seb, go home. Your house is splitting in pieces."

He found a crowd collected, and saw that the stones were parted just between the letters S. and Z. The first thing was to save Zilge and the children. Zilge herself seemed confused and wandering. She said nothing till they took her into a neighbor's house; then she spoke:

"Shall we never live in a house of our own again?"

Props were placed against the house that it might not fall entirely, and through the storm might be heard the blows of the axe and the voices of the workmen.

When the swallows came again, as spring advanced, Seb tore them away angrily. They had deceived him, he declared, and should no longer stay there. He was at war with all the world now, in his heart. He had gained nothing from his lawsuit but a bitter enemy. With difficulty would the building commissioner give him leave to repair his house, and to obtain means for so doing he must mortgage the whole place. All his contracts were now taken away, and as he would not be a journeyman he was obliged to work by himself. He often longed for his father to be with him, but through it all he rejoiced that he had not accepted his father's offer, for he said to himself: "I should have been involved in the blame, too; and now his name is clear."

There was none of the help given now which had been formerly volunteered. Few would work for him now even for pay, for every one distrusted the ability of the man who had failed in his own house.

One day he reproached Zilge for having ever urged him to build; but when she answered: "I would not have built a house at all if I could not have made a better," he was very angry, though it was only the general saying.

"But she should have considered it only my misfortune," said he to himself.

Sometimes she would try to soothe him, and say: "Perhaps it was your father's fault;" but this only made matters worse.

His reputation was ruined, and only one of his contracts was still left to him, namely, to cover the church roof and the bell tower with the new bricks. As soon as Seb had finished his house he went to work on the church, but even here the memory of his misfortune followed him.

He ascribed his trials all to Zilge's ambition instead of his own want of skill, and wished he had followed his first plan and invested his money in land. Men are always apt to draw omens from the world about them, and as Seb revolved these thoughts he one day came upon a stork's nest. He stopped to watch it. The male bird was preparing the nest for his mate. When all was arranged he would fly to bring her from the place where she was waiting uncomplainingly. The boy who was holding the mortar spoke twice, but Seb did not hear. He was absorbed in thought. Suddenly he turned round and began to work busily.

On the morning when the last touches were to be given, Seb hung his silver watch on a nail before he left the house.

"Why not take it with you?" said Zilge.

"I hear them at work now on the tower, and—and—one does not know what may happen."

"Seb, does not the Lord hold his hand—"

"Yes; but he will send no rain which can wash away my mortgage."

"We can do it with economy and industry. Pray to God before you mount the tower."

"You may pray at your embroidering; I will none of it. You have kept me waiting too long, now."

He kissed the children and departed. Zilge followed him and watched him as far as her straining eyes could catch a glimpse.

It is an old rule among workmen at a great height to look neither above nor below, but straight at the work. Otherwise the head becomes giddy, and woe to the poor man, who, hovering between heaven and earth, loses his hold. Seb could not help drawing to himself this horrible picture. But still he went on with his work steadily. Men should never say again that Seb the mason could neither build a garden wall nor a church tower. They should acknowledge his skill, if he sealed it with his life.

The church clock had been stopped; Seb declared the sound would confuse him, and everything was still as death, and every one could think in what fearful danger Seb stood. Suddenly a whirring and flapping struck his ear. He looked up. The stork had returned with his wife and children. He stood watching them a long time. When he began to work again a new thought animated him. He had conquered death, now all should see what he could do. They might think ill of him for a while, but then—He looked over the village, and his eyes sought his own house.

"I will play a part in the world yet," he said.

The work was now almost done. The last brick was laid, and the cross was handed to him. He planted it firmly on the top of the tower. From within, the smith riveted it securely, and all was over. The new shoes and stockings were now given him, which, according to old custom,

the church must bestow on the man who plants the cross on the tower. Seb swung himself up to the cross, and supporting himself now by one arm, by the other he pulled them on. He never looked down where a great crowd were shouting and huzzahing, but when he had done, he threw down his old shoes as if in scorn, and slowly descending, stood at last on firm ground. Zilge was not there, and he turned homeward. All congratulated him on his success, and he could not express a secret feeling of triumph that they should see what he could do. When he entered the house Zilge did not look up. Every one had had a good word for him, but Zilge did not speak. He was about to leave the house in anger, but suddenly turned and said:

"Do I not deserve one word?"

She did not reply. He repeated the question more sternly.

"More than one," said she, without looking up.

"What?"

"I shall not say."

"But you must."

Now Zilge burst forth passionately, accusing him of unkindness and sinfulness toward her and his children in venturing into such a danger. Seb answered half in jest.

"The church would have been obliged to maintain you."

Now Zilge poured forth her whole indignation. She declared herself able and willing to maintain herself and the children, without his help or any assistance from the church. Seb was overcome by her words, but he made no answer. He tried to tell Zilge of the stork, but she would not listen. For a few days Seb went on working on the garden wall, which was his last piece of work. When this was done, he put on his new shoes one morning, and told his wife he was going away for work. She tried to dissuade him, but he was firm. He hung up his watch again, and when Zilge asked him to take it, he told her to pledge it when she wanted money. She vowed this should never be, and turned from him. He went to bid his children farewell. They were still sleeping. The little girl moved restlessly when he kissed her, but the boy said, starting up:

"Stay father, stay!"

He took his wife's hand and pressed it to his lips, then ran out of the house. A neighbor saw him that morning crossing the fields, and a few days after the cooper met him in the city. Seb asked him to tell his wife that she must not be uneasy if she heard nothing from him for a long time. And this was the last news that came from him for many years.

The first day of Seb's departure Zilge sewed steadily. She would not let herself think of him. But as time passed on, she grew restless and unhappy. She wished she had praised his success on the church, or said one kind word to him. She comforted herself with the thought that he would surely come back in the autumn, but she could not think of the long winter and the many expenses of wood and oil it would entail, without a shuddering fear lest he might not be with her. John took care of his little sister, so she had much time for her sad thoughts, and sometimes as she looked at the child, she envied the youthful spirit which can so soon forget even those best loved.

When Christmas came, Zilge exerted herself for the children's sake, but less than ever could she bear their renewed questions. Sometimes she feared Seb was dead, and with the thought came terrible suffering. At length she heard that a mason in a neighboring village had been working with him, and through snow and cold she set on out foot for Weitingen. When she reached the town it was festival night, and the mason was merrily dancing. She waited till he was through, then sought news of her husband.

He told her Seb was well, and when he left him purposed going farther for work and had even spoken of America. He said his wife had kept him waiting for their marriage. She might wait now. Zilge entreated him with tears not to jest with her. She declared this could not be true. At length he grew angry at her pertinacity and left her. She turned away. She could have thrown herself down in the snow and died, but the thought of her children restrained her. But as she travelled on her weary road homeward, she cursed in her heart the husband who had deserted her. That evening as Johnny included his father in his daily prayer, she bent over him, stroking his hair. Blessings from him—curses from her—which would gain the upper hand.

The next day she arose with a dull sense of misery. But she would go on her way. The world should see she could support herself without assistance. Spring came, but this year it brought no food. The swallows came and built their nest, but no Seb. People thought she did not care, when to their often repeated question, "Had she any news, yet?" she answered simply, "No," without giving expression to her sorrow. The opinion at length became universal, that she and Seb had parted in anger. They did not know the bitter anguish they inflicted when they said to her—"What will become of your children if you fall ill?" Sometimes they reproached her for not playing her cards better with the cooper's wife, and this touched her more deeply than anything.

The only consolation her brother offered, was to abuse Seb, and this Zilge would never allow. No one should blame her husband but herself, and finally her brother almost gave up visiting her. The minister came and praised her for her resignation and her industry. She took it all in silence.

The saddest time for her was the festival season. There was no joy in her heart, and there seemed no place for her. She was no longer a maiden. She could not sit with the wives, for she knew not if she had a husband, and she would not join the widows. Sometimes she could have received her husband with open arms, and again she ground her teeth and felt as if she should murder him if he ever crossed her path again. At stated times she took out his Sunday clothes and brushed them, beating them to get out the dust. One day little John observed her silently for a time, then said:

"Mother, if father were here, would you not beat him as you do his coat, now?"

Zilge said nothing, but she shuddered at this reflection of her own thoughts. In the autumn, one of the villagers who had gone to America wrote home and spoke of seeing Seb, who had earned much money. This only embittered Zilge the more. "Could he not have written himself? Could he not have sent her some of this money." Little Johnny always replied to all questions, "that his father was in Yamerica," and this became a by-word throughout the hamlet. In the winter Seb wrote himself. He had endured much, he said, but things were going on better, now. All the hamlet came to hear of the letter. Zilge's little girl lay ill. When the cooper heard how Seb spoke of the stork who builds his nest and then fetches his wife to it, he shook his head, saying:

"But the cases are not like. Every year the young storks outgrow their need of a parent's care, but it is not so with men."

Zilge's brother came too, to abuse Seb for not sending her money, and this time Zilge could not prevent him. Seb promised in his letter to write again soon, and gave his direction.

The little girl recovered, but now Zilge must work far into the night to pay their increased expenses, and as she thought of the far-off future when her husband might return, she shook her head mournfully, sighing, "You come too late."

Now a new trouble came. Her eyes grew weak, and she could no longer sew. Her hands were unfitted for field labor, but she must find some way to support her children. The physician recommended employment in the open air, and after many struggles with her pride, she determined to become a rag-gatherer. To do this it was necessary to obtain a license, and when it was finally granted, she was called upon to pay for it. At this her anger burst forth. "Had she sewed far into the night to earn money to pay her taxes, and now could not the very officers whom she had helped support do this without pay?" The officer would finally have sent her to prison for her abusive language and violent conduct, but just then her brother came in, and to her amazement, Zilge heard herself excused as a "crazy woman."

They let her go, and she began her wandering course of life, but in this she grew more cheerful. Every one received her kindly, she said, but when they spoke to her of her former beauty and pride, a strange expression came over her face, which made them almost shudder. Sometimes they would speak to her as "the master-builder's wife," but to this she gave no answer. They spoke of the emigrants, how some of them had enlisted, and some died working on the Isthmus of Panama. One thing Zilge could not understand, why they all looked so strangely at her and spoke so compassionately to her. Could they know anything of her husband, which they kept from her? Zilge, who hitherto had been so carefully protected, now feared no storm or wind. It was the same to her, provided she obtained her day's earnings. In her wanderings she would set to herself now one time, now another, when her husband would certainly come, and would say sadly—"I shall be no longer here, if he does not come then." Then when he did not come, she would rejoice that she had confided her hopes to no one, and would again delude herself with setting another period for his return.

At one time she laid aside her wedding-ring, but when she came near any one, she always covered her hand, and she soon resumed it again. Only little John noticed and said to her when he saw it again—"So you have found your silver ring, mother." Summer and winter passed, and he did not come, and then a wild anger took possession of her heart. One day as she stood by the river Neckar, she was tempted to throw herself into the waves. She bent forward, but again the thought of her children restrained her. Now she took Johnny with her in her wanderings, for she dared not be alone, lest another time she should yield to the temptation, and never before had she known what a deep and terrible hatred to his father filled the child. He told her the brickmaker said his father had married a black woman in America, and would never come back again. She tried to dispossess the child of this feeling, but her own was too strong to be concealed. One day they stood by the river and she turned to him, saying bitterly:

"If it had not been for you and your sister, I should have been under those waters long ago."

A moment after she repented. Had she not added fuel to his hatred? But it was too late to recall her words.

Year followed year. The storks came and went. All were rejoiced in the changing seasons; but it was all alike to Zilge. With her utmost endeavors she could not pay her taxes and some other debts, and at length it was advertised that unless all demands were satisfied before a certain day, Seb the mason's house would be sold at auction. The children were playing about the streets on a pleasant autumn evening, when the crier announced the coming sale. They listened a moment, then pointing to Johnny, said:

"Ah, ah, your house is to be sold, for your father has married a black woman, and will never come back again."

The boy struck furiously at those nearest him, then turned and ran screaming down the street. He stopped for no one till he reached his own home. His mother was cutting bread.

"Give me the knife!" he cried. "I will keep it to kill my father with."

She comprehended more than ever the evil that was done.

"O what would he not have become," sighed she, "under his father's eye. Your father will never come back," said she, "and you must be my protector."

This seemed to soothe the child, and Zilge rejoiced when her entreaties finally prevailed on him to add a petition for his father to his evening prayer. "You will see what I can do for you," were his last words, before he fell asleep. Zilge sat down at the open window looking up to the heavens, her only prayer being that God would protect her and her children. O that people could die of sorrow, thought she, and she laid her aching head against the window. Her eyes refused her the consolation of tears. So she sat for a long while till she was disturbed by a loud barking of the neighbors' dogs, and a moment after her own door opened.

"Who is there?" said she. "What do you want?"

"A beggar entreats aid."

What voice did she hear?

"Help! help!" she screamed loudly.

"Be quiet, dear Zilge. It is only I—your husband."

"Away, away," said she, "living or dead, in this world or another, I never will be yours."

A hand was laid upon her shoulder. She shrank away, and with a scream, fell fainting to the ground. Some of the neighbors now came in attracted by the sounds. Seb told them to go away. It was only a fainting fit, which his wife would soon be over. He lifted her up. She began to laugh wildly.

"So you are the mason Seb, who walled me up alive. Don't touch me. Don't come near me. I will have nothing to do with you. Go!"

She thrust him away, and began to cry hysterically.

"Be quiet, Zilge," said Seb. "You must not hang everything to the great bell tower."

"But you did," said she. "You let my fate, the children's, that of the house, everything, depend on the great bell tower. Away with you!"

The cooper and others now came in. They lighted a lamp, and all were terrified at Zilge's deadly paleness. Whenever Seb spoke she cried out madly, and if he approached the children she would throw herself before them like a tigress, exclaiming:

"You deserted them for seven years. They are yours no longer."

The children awoke crying, but when Seb spoke to them, Zilge forbad them to answer. A crowd had now gathered before the house, for the news of Seb's return and Zilge's madness had spread quickly. Seb paid little attention to them, or to their entreaties, that he would come home with them till Zilge became more reasonable. Finally, he went home with the cooper, whose wife promised to remain with Zilge. There he heard that she had taken her abandonment much to heart, and had for a long time shown symptoms of aberration of mind. When he came back to his house next morning, Zilge was sleeping. The cooper's wife said she had waked once, had told her she had seen her husband and felt his touch, but could recollect nothing more of him. Everything she had thought for all these years, had risen before her, and some devil had spoken out of her.

While she slept, Seb brought out the clothes he had purchased for the children. John would not let his father touch him, though he consented to have on the clothes. He ran out among the boys to show them what his father had brought, but Seb had forgotten his age, and the clothes were too small, so he soon came back, angry at the jests of his companions. The little girl was too pleased with her new toys not to be happy, and Seb carried both the children to the old pine trees, where he stood long gazing on the familiar scene before him. When he heard Zilge was awake, he went in with the children. She looked at him vacantly, let him take her hand and hold it in his. Finally she said:

"You look like the beer-brewer."

It was as if she spoke to another, but no one was there. When she noticed the new clothes, she tore them off, exclaiming:

"He left you hungry and naked for seven years. These will not avail now."

Seb entreated her to be more gentle before the children, but she said, gloomily:

"They have seen misery before. They can now."

Seb sent the children away, and told her he had been in California, where he had carned much money by his trade, in proof of which he showed her rolls of gold, but she only shook her head, saying:

"It is of no use. You cannot pay for what there—" she pointed to her heart, but words failed her.

Seb gathered up his money quickly, as he heard a sound at the door and several people came in. Zilge laughed, saying:

"When a hound is chained, the boys provoke him, but when he is loose they hide from him!"

The people compassionated her madness. They did not understand her deep meaning. When they had gone, Seb fastened the door and tried to represent to Zilge the joys which yet lay before them.

"Every moment of delay now is a sin against God," said he, finally.

At this, Zilge cried out:

"A sin against God! Every moment! Then reckon how many minutes there are in seven years? But seven years desertion is a ground for divorce. I will never be yours, again."

"The children," suggested Seb.

"Ah," said she, sadly, "perhaps I have loved them too well, already. But all will soon be over for me."

Seb laid his head on the table and wept. Zilge laid her hand for a moment on his hair, then fell fainting to the floor. Seb carried her to the bed and sent hastily for a physician. He sat down beside her and covered his face with his hands. How through all his labor had he dwelt on his happy return, and now what a contrast. Anger and bitterness filled his soul. But there came one consoling thought. How deeply and truly must Zilge have loved him, for she had not given a thought to his money. He bent forward and kissed the pale brow.

The children had been again dressed in their new clothes, and even Johnny now submitted to his father's hands. He stood long gazing fixedly as only a child can at his mother. Once he opened his lips. "She will not die," he said. When Zilge opened her eyes, she looked again at the clothes, but she was silent.

The physician came, and recommended quiet and gentle treatment. He said she must have gone through a great deal and endured some great shock, but he did not consider her a dangerous case. Seb wished to be with her constantly, but she would take nothing from his hand, nor would she allow him to do anything for her. Only once when she heard the bell, she said to him:

"Now they are going to sell our house at auction. Why don't you go and buy it?"

Seb tried to explain to her that that business was all settled, but when she saw he did not go, she only said, bitterly:

"He will not do even this for me."

Seb went out and came back again, saying cheerfully:

"I have bought the house. It is ours now."

Zilge only looked vacantly at him, as if she had heard nothing. The forester, who before could not find hard words enough for Seb, now came and flattered him, while he reproached Zilge for her conduct. Seb tried to restrain him, but he said, finally, pointing to the sweetmeats, which were provided for her:

"You should give her salt, Seb. That would bring her round."

Seb forbade him to speak so before her again, but he was finally obliged to take him over to the inn to put a stop to his speeches, and when they were gone Zilge got up and bolted the door behind them. When Seb went there the next morning, he found the door open, but Zilge was gone. Johny said she had provided breakfast, and performed her usual household affairs, and then departed. When he saw his father's agitation, he suggested she might have gone out to pursue her occupation. Seb went out and followed her, inquiring of each person whom he met if he had seen her. He finally saw her sitting by the side of the road, eating cherries, and throwing the stones from her. He went up and entreated her to return. She got up without a word, and began to walk away. Seb called after her that she would drive him away forever. He would go to America, and never return, if she did not stay with him now. She still went on. He knew not what to do; he had had no intention of fulfilling his threat, yet how recede from it now? He stood for a moment irresolutely, then followed her, and touched her arm.

"Let me go," she said. "The miller's wife has promised me some rags; and if I do not get them, a Jew will snap them up."

Seb went with her. He was amazed at the skill with which she managed the bargain. When she came out, he took the heavy sack from her, and said:

"Zilge, I will confess my fault before any one. I will do anything you wish. Command me to carry this burden over the mountains—anything—if you will only come home and be my loving wife?"

She only answered, vacantly:

"I have no money."

"But I have," said Seb.

"That does not concern me," she replied.

Seb followed her that day through all her wanderings. Finally they stood by the banks of the Neckar.

"Seb," she said, speaking suddenly, "here by this stream, where, hungry and cold, I have often longed for death—here tell me truly, the first moment you had the means did you send me money, did you come for me?"

He was encouraged by her rational manner.

"No, Zilge," he said. "I used my first money to gain more; for I thought to myself, 'She has borne it so long she can endure a while longer, and then I shall return with great—'"

Zilge interrupted him with a loud cry. She tore her wedding-ring from her finger, and threw it into the flood.

"Away with you!" she screamed, and turned to fly; but she met her brother face to face.

She sank on the ground.

"Take me! bind me! only keep him away!"

As Seb approached, she dashed her head on the ground with loud screams. It was then his wife was mad. They placed her in an empty wagon, which was passing, and carried her home. And now many dreary weeks ensued for poor Seb. She did not break out into another such fit of passion, but she spoke at random, and often with the bitterest taunts, and the presence of the children seemed only to excite her the more. She would tell Seb it was only for their sake he had returned, but they were hers, and he should never have them. No soothing or endearments produced any effect, and to all the plans for the future, with which at times he would try to amuse her, she gave no heed. Seb tried to devote himself to the children, but he found it as hard to subdue Johnny's uncontrolled temper, as to induce him to leave off the Y to his America. Every day he led both children to school, and tried to gain their love, but the more the boy saw his father wished his affection, the less would he give it. He was not to be won by kindness or presents.

When New Year's day came, Seb sat down by Zilge and tried to gain some reasonable answer from her. He said if their marriage now was null and void, he would woo her again, and sue for her hand as the humblest lover. She listened quietly. A gentle expression came into her eyes, and she seemed on the point of a mild answer. She had even stretched out her hand toward him, when Johnny entered the room. At sight of the child, her old passion seemed to recur. She gave a loud scream, and ran from the room, shutting the door behind her. Could it be that she feared to show her awakening love before the child, who had so often heard her words of hatred and bitterness?

Now the time for Seb's return to America drew near, but he could not induce Zilge to come to any decision. Sometimes, however, she would decide to stay, then she would say she would go, and after all she would be very angry with him if he took her words literally. Again with sobs and tears she would go over her suffering during those weary seven years, and sometimes they thought the state of suspense in which she had lived, would prevent her from ever being certain again. The physician said it was a peculiarity of women that they often suffered more from the memory of trials than while they were enduring them. Zilge could not still endure the sight of her brother! If he came, she would sit, gloomily, repeating:

"This is my own house! This is my own house!"

All the neighbors tried to rouse her from this state of vacillation, but in vain, till one day she surprised them by announcing to the priest that her mind was made up. She should remain. Seb might go to America alone.

After this, Seb never alluded again to the main question. But he laid claim to one of the children as his right, and also in the hopes, as he confided to the priest, that this might induce Zilge to alter her decision. She now treated Seb with bitter scorn, but said nothing, and after many changes, finally said she would have the girl. When she came back from the priest's house, she took Johnny on her lap, and told him he would go with his father. She should never see him more. The boy looked up in her face, without speaking; then, as he seemed to gather the meaning of her words, he sprang out of her arms, rushed from the house, and, fleet as a deer, in a moment he had vanished from sight.

His father followed him, and soon caught a glimpse of him. The boy dropped his cake, but he stopped for nothing till he reached the Neckar, at the very spot where his mother had thrown her bridal ring in the flood. His father called to him, but a loud splash in the water was all his answer. His boy had disappeared. He sprang after him with loud calls for help. The men from the mill, near by, rushed to their aid, and in a few moments they were both drawn from the waters, the boy being apparently lifeless, in his father's arms. A piercing shriek rent the air, and Zilge stood by him wringing her hands. For a while the case seemed hopeless. Finally he drew a long breath, and half unclosed his eyes. Zilge turned and threw herself on Seb's neck.

"Now you may do with me as you wish! Only pardon me."

"Because I have saved the child's life?" said Seb.

"No, because you have saved mine with it. If you had only brought up my bridal ring, also."

"When I have brought you a golden one," said Seb, and he drew it on her finger just as Johnny said, deprecatingly:

"Don't punish me, father, I did not mean to jump in the water."

Seb had fixed on the anniversary of the day when the foundation stone of his house was laid, for his departure to America. On the evening of that day, he and Zilge walked out together, and talked as in the days of their betrothal. Gradually they came to speak of their future.

"And have you a house in America?" said Zilge.

"No," replied Seb. "There we go from city to city, and if perchance we do build, we soon sell it and go further. But if you wish—"

"I wish nothing but what you wish."

"Your brother goes with us," said Seb.

And Zilge answered:

"I am willing to forgive, for I have much to be forgiven; but are you not afraid he will be a burden to you? He will do nothing."

"We will teach him in America."

"As you please. Only do not take him for my sake. I shall need no brother, for you will be enough for me anywhere."

"But I will leave no one belonging to me behind this time."

And so like a newly married pair, Seb and Zilge set sail together for the New World.

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

A recent number of the North British Review has a most humorous and withal a valuable article on "Diet and Dress," from which we extract the following: "It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man, walking one day by the sea shore, picked up one of these savory bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the shells, he insinuated his finger between them to feel their shining surface, when the oyster closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable that he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them to their mouth, but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster juice for the first time. The savor was delicious; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banquetted upon it, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion."

BABIES IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Mr. V. M. Rice, Superintendent of Common Schools for the State of New York, holds the following language in his last report:

"It is painful to behold the multitude of mere babes that are in many of the large city and village schools. They congregate there to cultivate the mind, but they prepare the body for early decay. It is not uncommon to see from one to two hundred little children collected in rooms, often miserably seated and inadequately ventilated. Here they are confined like so many prisoners, when their young hearts swell with desire to be sporting in the open air. They need a nurse, but a teacher is given them. They would be engaged with playthings of their own devising, but are furnished with books instead. When the brilliant sunlight should redden and electrify their blood, they are secluded in the school-room. Though the laws of health require them to be in the open air at least one half of the six school hours, they are allowed only about one-eighth of that time. Nature is thus ignored; and art, with its step mother economies, substituted for her maternal ministrations."

A PAUPER CHILD.

A pauper child in London, at seven years' old, knows how to go to market, to fetch the beer, to pawn father's coat, to choose the largest fried fish, or the nicest ham bone, to nurse Mary Jane, to conduct a hundred operations of trade, or of housekeeping, which a little Belgravian does not acquire in all the days of her life. Poverty and necessity force this precociousness of the poor little brat. There are children who are accomplished shoplifters and liars almost as soon as they can toddle and speak. I dare say little princes know the laws of etiquette as regards themselves, and the respect due to their rank, at a very early period of their royal existence. Every one of us, according to his degree, can point to the princelets of private life who are flattered and worshipped, and whose little shoes grown men kiss as soon almost as they walk upon the ground.—*The Newcomes.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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*** All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Phantom Picture," a tale by EVA MILFORD.
"A Cruise in a Yacht," a story by FREDERICK WARD.
"How she found the Time," a tale by Mrs. CAROLINE A. SOULE.
"The good Bargain," a story by WM. A. KENYON.
"The Incendiary," a sea sketch by CHARLES CASTLETON.
"Summer Hours," a poem by HORATIO ALGER, JR.
"They call me cold," verses by FRANCES NORTON.
"Evening Thoughts," stanzas by WM. A. STEWART.
"Memory's Visions," lines by ALEXANDER KNIGHT.
"Thoughts at Sunset," a poem.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Bird at Sea," "Spring and Summer," "The Swiss Glaciers," and "Impromptu Lines."

THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

Pope makes his fine lady on her death-bed, still clinging to the vanities of the world, give direction for decking out her inanimate body—

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

The extremes meet, and this last wish of the London fine lady reminds us of the expiring savage. He paints the great enemy with the war-paint on his face, and plumed and armed as in the palmiest days of his mortal career. The follies of fashion are perceptible enough to the cool observer, when they are studied in the whirl of busy life—in the crowded ball room, in the bright saloon, and on the promenade. But it is when these vanities are carried to the grave —beyond which they cannot extend—that we are most impressed and revolted by their absurdity. When a man, merely distinguished by wealth, and not by any generous or great qualities, dies, unloved and unwept, then the splendors of a fashionable funeral pageant, the empty mourning coaches, the showy hearse, the silver-mounted coffin, the unmeaning pomp and parade with which he is carried to his narrow bed, awaken both sad and scornful comments.

Splendid funerals are absurd affairs even when they can be easily afforded—they are criminal where the living are robbed to glorify the dead. Mr. Madden, in his very interesting "Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington," gives an account of the gorgeous funeral spectacle by which Lord Blessington, then Lord Mountjoy, testified his grief for the loss of his first wife, who died at St. Germain's, in France, Sept. 9th, 1814. Her remains were removed to England, and thence to Ireland. One of the principal rooms in his lordship's Dublin residence, in Henrietta Street, was fitted up for the mournful occasion at an enormous cost. The body, placed in a coffin, sumptuously decorated, had been conveyed to Dublin by a London undertaker of eminence in the performance of state funerals, attended by six professional female mourners, suitably attired in mourning garments, and was laid out in a spacious room hung with black cloth, on an elevated catafalque, covered with a velvet pall of the finest texture, embroidered in gold and silver, which had been purchased in France for the occasion, and had recently been used at a public funeral in Paris, of great pomp and splendor—that of Marshal Duroc. A large number of wax tapers were arranged round the catafalque, and the six professional female mutes, during the time the body lay in state, remained in attendance in the chamber in becoming attitudes, admirably regulated; while the London undertaker, attired in deep mourning, went through the dismal formality of conducting the friends of Lord Blessington, who presented themselves, to the place where the body was laid out; and as each person walked round the catafalque, and then retired, this official, having performed the lugubrious duties of master of the funeral solemnities, in a low tone expressed a hope that the arrangements were to the satisfaction of the visitor. They cost enough—between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars.

"The once gorgeous coffin," adds Mr. Madden, "covered with rich silk velvet, and adorned with gilt mounting, in which the remains of the 'Right Honorable Mary Campbell, Viscountess Mountjoy,' were deposited, is still recognizable by its foreign shape from the other surrounding receptacles of noble remains above and beneath it. But the fine silk velvet of France, and the gilt mountings of the coffin of the Viscountess Mountjoy, have lost their lustre. Forty years of sepulchral damp and darkness have proved too much for the costly efforts of the noble Earl of Blessington to distinguish the remains of his much-beloved lady from those of the adjacent dead."

To the follies of fashion, the second Lady Blessington sacrificed her peace of mind and comfort. After blazing like a star in a realm of fabulous magnificence for nineteen years, she suddenly sank in a disastrous eclipse. Her house, and furniture, and effects, were seized by the iron hand of the law, and she was forced to fly to France to escape her importunate creditors. Living beyond one's means—the most fatal of experiments—is a system not confined to Europe. Fashionable extravagance and fashionable failures are not unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

FAMINE.—The poor people of Zante are in danger of starvation. Their grapes and olives are diseased, and they will perish unless aid is afforded from other countries.

BROOK FARM.—This property has again changed hands, and is now owned by Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

APOTHEGM.—Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

AN EMPEROR MOVING.

While Louis Napoleon is astonishing the British by the display of his ill-gotten magnificence, his colored majesty, Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti, is aping the pomposity of his crowned brethren of the East with that adroitness of mimicry which belongs to his race. The prince of darkness has lately ordered a new palace to be built after the model of the Tuileries, but as it will probably take his subjects at least a year or two—the imperial family has in the interim taken possession of a block of ordinary houses hired for the purpose in the Rue de la Reunion, near the Petion Square. But as great folks can't move with the mere ordinary bustle of little folks, there was a great to do about the change of residence on the part of their sable majesties. The Moniteur Haitien, a faithful copy of the French Moniteur, thus describes the wonderful doings:

"At eight o'clock in the morning their majesties left the imperial palace, under a salute of twenty-one guns, preceded by their escort, and accompanied by the princesses, the princess, the ladies of honor, the ministers of the interior and the treasury, the great dignitaries, the grand chancellor, and the generals bearing the crown diamonds. Their majesties were on foot. On reaching the new imperial residence, they entered first the southern building, destined for public reception, and visited its vast apartments, escorted all the while by the chapel band. The procession had halted in the Rue de la Reunion. Afterwards their majesties moved towards the northern building, reserved for the empress, under another salute repeated by all the forts of the capital. In this building, designed for the private use of their majesties, the generals deposited the crown diamonds, which his excellency, the Count de Fawresse, secretary of the queen's commands, arranged in perfect order. Their majesties, preceded and followed by their trains, then repaired to the temple of the Lord, when they returned to the imperial palace. The ceremony of moving ended by a charming party, at which her imperial highness the princess Olive and the ladies of the court were present. Order was not interrupted for a single moment in the capital, thanks to the precautions taken by his excellency the governor and adjutant general, Baron Dessalines, chief of the armed police."

The whole affair must have been an excellent burlesque on the parades of Louis Napoleon, by the grace of scoundrelism, emperor of France.

DISTRESSING AFFAIR.

"We are informed," says the Salem Journal, "that Mr. Valentine, who has been engaged in the express business between Marblehead and Boston, received some few days since some seventy-five dollars, by collection or otherwise, belonging to a Mr. Gregory. Having retained it two or three days, Mr. Gregory procured an attachment upon his horse, wagon, etc., and not satisfied with that, obtained a warrant for his arrest, which terrified poor Valentine to such a degree, that he fled, and secreted himself for a day or so. On Tuesday evening he returned to his mother's house, in a state of extreme terror and excitement, and seizing her hands, begged of her not to permit the officers to take him; but no assurances on her part could soothe or calm him; he soon sank upon the floor in convulsive spasms, and immediately expired." His funeral was attended by the Glover Guard, to which corps the deceased belonged; the flags of the shipping were hoisted at half-mast, and every tribute of respect paid to the memory of one who was universally esteemed and beloved.

THE LONDON TIMES.—This world-renowned journal has lately been thundering against the privileges and the assumptions of the titled aristocracy of England. But its professions of democracy are only lip-deep. Against the bill for repealing stamp duties on newspapers, eloquently advocated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the aristocratic Times protested with all its might, alternately threatening, wheedling, and imploring, to prevent the passage of this truly liberal measure.

MELANCHOLY.—One of the deepest tragedies in real life occurred lately in Poughkeepsie, New York. A young wife, devotedly attached to her husband, was driven to desperation by the abuse of her husband's parents, who lived in the same house, and committed suicide, after writing an affectionate and heart-felt letter to her husband. How much misery is caused in this world by the intermeddling of relatives between man and wife.

MR. ALPHABET MELLEN.—This distinguished nominee for the Presidency, lately addressed a large meeting of his political friends in Watertown, Mass., on various topics—the Habeas Corpus, negro stealing, color, tripe, pork, soapgrease, and kindred subjects. He professed himself in favor of a protective tariff on tripe.

"SPARE THE BIRDS."—Fourteen gentlemen, owning estates in Braintree, have issued a printed notice, cautioning sportsmen and others against killing birds on their premises. They pledge themselves to prosecute all violators of the game laws of this Commonwealth.

BOWLING.—Bowling is an English game, and was common as early as the thirteenth century, especially among the higher ranks. Charles I. played at it, and it formed a daily occupation for leisure hours with Charles II.

ACCEPTED.—Rev. Mr. Huntington has announced to his church and congregation his acceptance of the office of Plummer Professor in Harvard College.

LUTHERANS.—There is but a single Lutheran church in New England—which is in Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

GOOD.—The Savings Bank, School, St., Boston, received over $21,000 one week, lately.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The new Corn Exchange, corner of Commercial St. and City Wharf, is much frequented.

The Russian government has no idea of selling its North American possessions to us.

The Lecture mania began in Boston fifteen or twenty years ago, and is now universal.

In one house in Iowa there are nineteen bachelors, and one married couple, only.

The New Yorkers have now to pay a State tax of 1 1-4 mill on the dollar.

Mrs. Julia Hayne is fulfilling an engagement at the Western Theatres. She will soon retire.

More emigrants—perhaps too many—are going to Kansas. Hope they have a good time.

Capt. Sutter, once the richest, is now one of the poorest men in California. A pity!

There is a dispute going on about the birthplace of Mr. Matsell, chief of the N. Y. police.

A dozen large hotels in New York are now conducted on the European plan.

By recent Indian treaties, the United States have acquired 12,672,000 acres of land.

The bodies of an entire family, seven persons, have been found near Wabash, Ill., murdered.

When the heart is past hope, the face is past shame. So says an old proverb.

A Japanese barge of cypress wood, forty-five feet long, has been sent to President Pierce.

Robert Schuyler is said to be living at Bruges in very genteel style.

The franking privilege has not been disturbed by the late post-office law.

The velocity of railroad expresses is greater than that of many birds.

The State Agricultural Society of Maine has been organized at Augusta.

A villain lately poisoned 14 horses belonging to the Waterville and Belfast (Me.) stage line.

A sleigh, rigged up with sails, lately moved sixteen miles an hour on the ice.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN NEW YORK.

This law which is producing a great deal of excitement in the Empire State, and particularly in the Empire City, where the question—can it be enforced? is seriously asked, is very stringent. The first section, which contains the principal features of this law reads as follows: intoxicating liquor, except as hereinafter provided, shall not be sold, or kept for sale, or with intent to be sold, by any person, for himself or any other person, in any place whatsoever; nor shall it be given away, except as a medicine, by physicians pursuing the practice of medicine as a business, or for sacramental purposes, nor be kept with intent to be given away in any place whatsoever, except in a dwelling house in which, or in any part of which, no tavern, store, grocery, shop, boarding or victualling house, or a room for gambling, dancing, or other public amusement or recreation of any kind is kept; nor shall it be kept or deposited in any place whatsoever, except in such dwelling-house as above described, or in a church, or place of worship, for sacramental purposes, or in a place where either some chemical, mechanical, or medicinal art, requiring the use of liquor, is carried on as a regular branch of business, or while in actual transportation from one place to another, or stored in a warehouse prior to its reaching the place of its destination. This section shall not apply to liquor the right to sell which in this State is given by any law or treaty of the United States.

BERKSHIRE WOOLEN MANUFACTURES.

The Berkshire County Eagle gives some interesting statistics relative to the woolen manufacturing business in Berkshire county, Mass. This county produces annually a greater amount of woolen cloth than any other county in the Union, with the exception of Middlesex, in this State, which contains the Bay State Mills at Lawrence. The first broadcloth mill operated in Berkshire was that which is now owned by L. Pomeroy's Sons. It was built in 1812, and being furnished with one set of machines, and five or six hand looms, was able to turn out twelve thousand pounds of wool in a year. The weaving, spinning and finishing were all done by hand, and it was not until 1825 that the first broadcloth was introduced. There are now in full operation in the county ninety-nine sets of cards, and nine hundred and nineteen looms, which are managed by more than fifteen hundred operatives, and produce goods to the value of nearly three and a half million dollars.

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—Our government has been investing a considerable sum of money in camels, to be used as beasts of burthen for transporting military stores. They are to be imported from the Mediterranean in the storeship Supply. We think the plan an excellent one. If they don't work well, the government, by the addition of a few monkeys and a cheap elephant, can get up a travelling menagerie that will pay handsomely. A few disappointed politicians, of different shades, might be thrown in to form a "happy family."

ENLISTING.—The poor foreigners who were decoyed to Halifax, under false pretences by British agents, have, on representation to the governor of Nova Scotia, been furnished with employment on the railroad. He tried to wheedle them to enlist, but they preferred the pickaxe to the musket, and showed their wisdom in the choice.

STRANGE.—The Transcript says one young man in this vicinity shot himself because he could not get a wife, and another because he could not obtain a divorce.

ON THE WING.—The travel between Boston and New York is larger than at any former period. We believe all the lines of communication are doing finely.

PAVEMENTS.—The iron pavement is the thing after all. Two winters have tested it in this city, and it is as good as new.

WARREN BRIDGE.—This structure will be repaired and improved as soon as Charles River Bridge is completed.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:
"My Cousin from the Country," a tale by Mrs. M. A. DENISON.
"Foreign Correspondence," from Berne Switzerland.
"A Triplet of Gems," from the German, by Mrs. VARNUM A. SOULE.
"Love and Light, verses by ALEXANDER KNIGHT.
"The Martyrs of Science," a poem.
"The Chapelle in the Wood," a poetical legend.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A military picture, representing the new Uniform Overcoat of the First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.
View of the city of Venice, in Italy.
View of the city of Amsterdam, in Holland.
A representation of an eruption of Mount Pelee (Pelion) in the Island of Martinique.
A series of engravings, giving views of the town of Mackinaw, and localities of interest in its vicinity.
Portrait of Pliny Miles, the celebrated traveller.
View of the city of Antioch, in Syria.
Scene on the Levee, at New Orleans.
Also a representation of Flower Girls at New Orleans.
And a large whole page representation of the Gods and Goddesses of Ancient Mythology.

☞ The Pictorial for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

When Mr. Thackeray finishes his "Newcomes," he will go to America with a new set of lectures.

On March the 17th the Russians attacked the whole line of the allies before Sebastopol, and were driven back with great loss.

Mahmoud Bey, Mustachar of Foreign Affairs, has been raised to the dignity of Pacha, and appointed Governor of Beyrout.

The looking-glass manufactory of St. Gobain, has cast and polished for the Universal Exhibition, a mirror, eighteen metres (21 1-2 yards) square.

Two slight undulatory shocks of earthquake were felt at San Remo (Piedmont), March 16th. They were both preceded by a loud, rumbling, subterranean noise.

The island of St. Helena contained in 1849 a population of 5940, of whom there were 534 liberated Africans, and 511 soldiers. There were two attorneys and one doctor.

All the Russian prisoners who are so wounded as to be incapable of bearing arms, are to be sent from Constantinople and Toulon to Odessa, without any conditions, and at the expense of France.

Alboni, after an absence of five years, is about to return to England. She is engaged by Mr. Beale, for a tour in the Provinces, during the months of April and May. Ernst is to be of the party.

Letters from Zurich state that a very active Socialist propagandism has been going on of late in that Canton, and that the number of adherents to the doctrines of Fourier is every day increasing.

The French emperor has recently extended his clemency to a great number of soldiers undergoing punishment, either of imprisonment or of hard labor. Of these men, 299 have received a free pardon, and 186 a commutation of punishment.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Love is the perception of another's individuality.

There is no deeper law of nature than that of change.

Trouble, like capital, is usually two-thirds borrowed.

Opportunity has long hair in front, and short bald behind.

The Arab's tent is small—but he has sunrise for his front door.

An earnest man imbued with a love of children is rarely a bad teacher.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days a man's heart.

There never existed a man that did not say, in the course of his life, one brilliant thing.

Many people drop a tear at the sight of distress, who would do better to drop a sixpence.

Show a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his faults.

The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us foot-sore, more than the rocks, which only prove a bold effort to surmount.

Men generally teach badly when they attempt to teach too much, or when they do not duly prepare their lessons.

Unfounded pride are inconvenient companions; but when idleness unites with them, the depth of wretchedness is attained.

Presence of mind and that confidence which is based on self-knowledge, are essential elements in a good teacher's character.

Misfortunes are troublesome at first, but when there is no remedy but patience, custom makes them easy to us, and necessity gives us courage.

One reason why we see so few agreeable in conversation is, that almost everybody is more intent on what he himself has a mind to say, than upon making pertinent replies to what the rest of the company say to him.

Joker's Budget.

A friend of ours is about to get an almanac in which all stormy and cold weather is to be kept out.

An Irishman, in speaking of a relative who was hung, said he died during a tight rope performance.

Carlyle says, "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal the less in the world."

Henry Ward Beecher says, that he would as soon go a courting with his father's old love-letters, as go to church and carry a book to pray out of. Henry is "gifted," but every body admires him.

"Jim, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good licking!" "Well, ma, I wish you would, for I'll be hanged if you ever gave me a licking that I called good, yet." "Correct boy, that Jim; his wisdom teeth were cut at an "unusually early period of life."

"You say, Mr. Jaycocks, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house; was it in haste?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know what caused that haste?" "I am not quite certain, but I think it was Mr. Smith's board, the gentleman he boards with." "That will do, Mr. Jaycocks. Crier, call the next witness."

A party had climbed a considerable way up the usual discharge from his nose, of Skiddaw, when a gentleman, a stranger to the company, who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide, "Pray, what is the highest part of the mountain?" "The top, sir," replied the guide.

"Well, Sam," said a gentleman, meeting a colored servant of four-een, whom he was compelled to discharge from his service, on account of his mischievous propensities, "are you as bad as ever?" "O, no," answered the colored youth, with a grin that exhibited his ivories in contrast with the cuticle, "I's got no bad examples now, sir."

Quill and Scissors.

No less than six churches were entered by thieves, in the eastern district of Brooklyn, the other day. In the Baptist church, $250 was taken from the poor box, besides a coal scuttle and some other articles of small value; the Roman Catholic church was robbed of a silver pitcher and a small sum of money; a Presbyterian church was entered and several articles carried away; and at the German Mission church, the thieves had packed up the silver ware, but left it behind.

Some Indian skeletons have recently been dug up on a farm in New Jersey, with this peculiarity—they have eight upper and eight lower teeth, and they are all set edgeways in the jaw—that is, they are thicker from the outside to the inside of the jaw than they show front. It is said that, at different times, over twenty skeletons have been dug up, and that they all bore the same marks of having no back teeth.

Family marketing in New York is about as shivery as in Boston. In the former city recently, pot or house steak was 25 cents a pound, butter 29 to 36 cents, and cheese 14. Vegetables are also scarce. A head of cabbage of respectable size sells for 31 cents. In fish the market is lean, and the specimens small, and shad brought 62 cents each.

The common apple tree was introduced into New England soon after its first settlement. The seeds were brought by order of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, in 1629. Governor's Island, in Boston harbor, was given to Governor Winthrop, in the year 1632, on condition that he should plant an orchard there.

An elegantly decorated window of stained glass has been placed in the Episcopal church at Haverstraw, N. Y., in commemoration of the late Bishop Wainwright, whose last official services were performed in that place. It is said to be one of the most elegant specimens of art, in that line, in the whole country.

The Mormon temple, begun at Salt Lake city, will be much larger than the temple built by the Mormons at Nauvoo. It is said that the plans are on the most extensive and magnificent scale. Ten years will be required to complete it, and the cost is estimated at several millions of dollars.

The Commissioner of Pensions has declared that, in the case of a woman marrying twice, and surviving both husbands, and both entitled to bounty land, she is only entitled to one bounty, but she may make her election under either husband.

Mrs. Jane Richardson, of Ashe county, North Carolina, has now living one hundred and seventy-four children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Mrs. Richardson is the daughter of Captain John Cox, a distinguished officer in the revolutionary war.

Owing to the cold and disagreeable weather, the fisheries of North Carolina are doing a very small business. The fishing season is now nearly half over, and but very few fish have been taken. The fishermen have not been so unsuccessful for many years.

As John Chester, an Englishman, was mending a belt with an awl, in the rifle factory at Hartford, his hand slipped, and the awl pierced his heart. He expired in about ten minutes.

The Van Buren Intelligencer says that the banks of the Arkansas river have receded so far as to widen the stream materially, thus rendering the water so shallow that it is unnavigable.

The farmers upon the line of the Steubenville railroad, in Ohio, tore up the rails of the road near Dresden, recently, because the company would not settle their bills.

"The Golden Bell," is the pretty name of a magnificent perfumery establishment just opened in New York. It is clerked entirely by the handsomest of girls.

In a fight at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, Duffy was shot dead by Harrison, and a ball from Duffy's pistol killed Dr. Parsons, a looker on.

Ladies of a certain age may, perhaps, envy the Emperor of China one of his luxuries—his birthday is celebrated but once in ten years.

A new Methodist Episcopal church, near to the Tippecanoe battle-ground, was dedicated a week or two since, by Bishop Ames.

In consequence of the short crop of breadstuffs last season, there is said to be great distress prevailing in some sections of Kentucky.

The New York Musical Review says that opera music is played and sung in a number of evangelical churches.

The father of Matt. Ward has lost his suit against the city of Louisville, for injury done to his house by the mob.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Lindley H. Wiggin to Miss Abbie K. Perry.
By Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Franklin Wilkins to Miss Lydia M. Tenner.
By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. William Seaver to Miss Lydia Kelley.
By Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mr. George A. Robbins to Miss Julia C. Wadsworth.
By Rev. Dr. Beecher, Mr. John M. Colby to Miss Almira Newcomb.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John McClelland to Miss Mary Nelson.
By Rev. Dr. Peabody, Mr. Edward G. Parker to Mrs. Elizabeth P. Gray.
By Rev. Mr. Cluley, Mr. Joseph Wormell to Mrs. Nancy De Forest.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Flint, Mr. Rufus J. Fenerty to Miss Ellen Churchill.
At Chelsea Beach Depot, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. J. H. Dodge to Miss H. H. Fogg.
At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Joseph Barbour to Miss Mary Ann Spelman.
At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Masters, Mr. Wm. M. Barron to Miss Sarah A. Reed.
At Lunenburg, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. George W. Nason, Jr., to Miss Hattie A. Kilburn.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Ansley Witt to Miss Honoree Mullens.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Robert B. Pender to Miss Louisa Eaton.
At New York, Lieut. Francis H. Bates, to Miss Catharine S. Swaine.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Eliza D. Weld, 56. Captain Constant Chase, 69. Mrs. Rita J. Burnham, 57. Mrs. Jane Hughes, 54. Mrs. Mary H. Stuart, 62. Mr. John Lammers, 60.
At Chelsea, Mrs. Sarah C., wife of Mr. Luther M. Thayer, 47.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Rebecca B., wife of Mr. Ebenezer White, 58.
At Reading, Mrs. Lucy A. Kingman, wife of Mr. Wm. P. Kingman, 52.
At Salem, Mrs. Arabella, daughter of Mr. James A. Cogswell, 2 years.
At Middleton, Mrs. Martha F., wife of Mr. William Horn.
At Lowell, Mrs. Sarah Allen, wife of Mr. Nathan Allen, 36.
At Newburyport, Mr. Enoch Sargent, 57, Mr. James Frothingham, 73.
At Worcester, Mrs. Eliza Ann, wife of Mr. Moses Cleveland, 51.
At New Bedford, Mrs. Susan Parker, wife of Mr. Ambrose Howard, 46.
At Bristol, Me., Miss Della Erskine, 19.
At Westport, Me., Mrs. Emeline L. White, 24.
At Biddeford, Mrs. Elizabeth Jordan, 63.
At Harwich, Ct., Mr. Allen Crow, 91.
At Exeter, N. H., Mr. John Gepp, 86.
At Guilford, Ct., Mrs. Ruth Bartlett, 97.
At New Milford, Mrs. Jerusha Sanford, 97.
At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. George Gaynes, 26.
At New Ipswich, Mrs. Lydia C. Wadsworth, wife of Rev. Samuel Lee, 38.
At Providence, R. I., Ethridge M., son of Mr. William Lenderkin, 7 years.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CUPID'S FROLIC.

BY ALEXANDER KNIGHT.

Happy Cupid, full of joy,
Seeking ever to decoy,
Stole this youthful heart of mine—
Laughing at his power,
Laid it at a maiden's shrine,
In a spective hour.

She, the angel, young and fair,
Knowing neither grief nor care,
Took the gift without a thought—
Kindly—did not spurn
And when I my treasure sought,
It would not return.

But with Justice still in view,
Cupid, ever fond and true,
Sorrowful to see me pining,
Stole the maiden's heart;
And its tendrils round me twining,
Struck me with his dart.

Anguish now was turned to joy,
And I blessed the merry boy,
Who could thus unite our spirits twain—
And the heaven above,
Or the earth beneath, never can or will contain,
Deeper, sweeter love.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HERO AND THE TRAITOR.

BY ELLEN EUSTACE.

CHAPTER I.

The heath, this night, must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby, the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary.
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!
I may not, dare not fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.
Lady of the Lake.

At the window of one of the most stately mansions of Nashville, sat a young girl so motionless and deeply absorbed in her own reveries, that we might have imagined her only a beautiful creation of the artist's fancy, as the moon's rays, falling through the casement, enshrouded her in a misty veil of light, half concealing her rare loveliness.

Beneath that window, the scene lay sparkling in wintry magnificence! Earth, in her snowy robe, the trees laden with their dazzling freight, each branch and sprig glistening, as if strung with diamonds—all this brilliant beauty failed to attract from Mary Beaufort a single glance of admiration.

Her own life's drama had commenced; and the first grief her young heart had ever known, now weighed heavily upon her spirit. An only child, with every wish and fancy gratified—for Col. Beaufort had lost his wife while Mary was an infant, and on his daughter lavished all his tenderness and affection. She had always lived at home, surrounded by a perfect atmosphere of love; abroad, courted and caressed by a host of friends and admirers.

For who could fail to admire those features, cast in classic mould? The fair, open forehead, from which fell the rich waves of her chestnut hair; the exquisite mouth, and those deep blue eyes, with their long fringe of lashes, betraying each varied emotion of her pure and refined nature. Her form of perfect symmetry was rendered even more beautiful by the exquisite grace that pervaded each motion, and added a nameless charm to her every tone, glance and gesture.

A manly step on the crisped snow at last arrested Mary's attention, and looking eagerly down the avenue, she saw the well-known form of one she dearly loved approaching, and remembered that the "trysting hour" had arrived, when they were to meet, to say farewell for many a long day—perhaps forever.

Hastening quickly to the hall below, Mary stood with sparkling glance and radiant smiles, to await her lover's coming; and soon, locked in a warm embrace, they forgot all the world beside, the perils and dangers which menaced their pure love, and even the remembrance that this interview might be their last on earth.

Philip Irving, brave and loyal in his country's cause, when the call came that once more must that beloved country resist British aggression, hesitated not to take up arms in her defence, to leave all he held dear, and join a regiment of volunteers, led by Gen. Carroll, who had just been ordered to repair to New Orleans, to assist in the defence of that important post, then menaced by the British army under command of General Packenham. On the following day were the volunteers to march for their destined station.

"Look up, my sweet Mary," said Philip, while he kissed away the bright tears that dimmed her blue eyes, when she remembered the scenes of danger that awaited her lover; "be brave and courageous, like a true soldier's bride, for you know," continued he, smiling, as he sought to dispel her sad fears,

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more!"

"O, Philip!" murmured the young girl, "chide me not! I will be brave, but think of all the long and lonely hours that must follow this night; and my father, so changed and gloomy, too, at times, although he once gave his sanction to our love, and seemed happy at the thought of our union, yet now he never speaks of you; and ya I do not despair, for he does not forbid our meeting."

"Let us gather courage from that hope, dear Mary," answered Philip, "and when I return from the field of battle, with the laurels which every soldier has a right to win and wear, perhaps your father's strange aversion toward me may be overcome, and our union sanctioned by his blessing and approval."

"It is not aversion that he cherishes toward you," replied Mary. "Did he act from the feelings of his own heart, all would be well; but too surely do I know that the influence of another is exerted against us. Stephen Champney is the enemy we most dread. He continually seeks my father's presence, and has acquired, I know not how, great power over him. After these interviews, my poor father seems almost broken-hearted, and gazes on me strangely and appealingly, as if I were his only hope. I shudder when I look into the mysterious future; and Champney—"

"Name him not—he is a villain!" cried the young man, impetuously, "and capable, I doubt not, of crimes of the darkest dye. Shun him, Mary! Avoid him in my absence as you would a lurking fiend! for he will bend every energy of his iron will to subdue your distrust, and rob me of the treasure I prize so ardently."

"Doubt me not, Philip," she observed; "his arts and sophistries can never change the instinctive abhorrence I feel toward him. It is only the prayers and tears of my poor old father that I dread to encounter, but even these must be resisted while you live to love and claim me. And now farewell, dear Philip; let us not embitter the last moments of parting with the thought of that bad man, but place our trust in God, who watches over the innocent, and whom I will petition for your precious safety during the hours of trial and danger."

"I leave you, my Mary, in his holy keeping," answered her lover, "but your image, which I always wear suspended over my heart, shall never leave its resting-place while that heart pulsates with life. If I die far away, some faithful comrade shall bear it to you, and to you will know that my dying kiss of love was impressed on your picture, and your name the last word that hovered on my lips."

They parted, after again interchanging vows of eternal fidelity, and strong in the hope of a happier future; but not unseen was that tender adieu, or unsuspected the subject of their late discourse.

Lurking around the house, suspicious of this parting interview, Stephen Champney had seen the young officer enter, and had watched through the light draperies that shaded the windows, the animated gestures which betrayed how interesting was their conversation. In the deep indignation that Philip expressed, plainly did he read the hatred and just abhorrence which his rival bore towards himself; and a stern vow was breathed to be revenged!—to separate Philip forever from that fond, confiding girl, and win to himself the love he so highly coveted.

As he gazed upon Mary, lovely and charming in her youth and innocence, her face lit up with Hope's radiant smiles as she pictured to herself a blissful meeting in the future, a light, as from a demon's soul, sparkled in his baleful glance, and a scheme, dark and vile as his own black heart, flashed through his mind.

Plunging into the darkness from which he had emerged, he disappeared to meditate upon the execution of a plan which, if successful, would carry misery and desolation to the hearts of the young lovers, while on the ruins of their peace should rise the fabric of his guilty happiness.

Before leaving for New Orleans, Philip Irving learned that Champney had volunteered to join the same regiment, and gladly heard the tidings which would ensure Mary's separation from her persecutor.

How little did the young officer suspect that this act, on the part of the enemy, was the first link in the chain of infamy that Champney was forging, and that already in his own heart did the villain see the fulfilment of events that was fated to dash the cup of happiness from his own lips, and blight forever the peace of his affianced bride!

CHAPTER II.

Take thy banner!—and if e'er
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.
Longfellow.

Ever, farewell!
Bend thou, and listen to my latest word,
And let the fountains of thy heart be stirred,
While my sad shell
Breathes its faint murmurs—for they must recall
When, as thou wast to me, I was thine all.
Benjamin.

It was the night before the eighth of January, that glorious day on which was won so complete a victory, that by it was secured, for a second time, the independence of America, which has since remained pure and inviolate.

The British commander, Gen. Packenham, as midnight drew near, still sat at his table, busily writing and arranging his plans for the next day's action, when he was interrupted by the entrance of one of his guards, who announced that a man without urgently demanded an interview with the leader, to whom he had most important tidings to communicate.

"Admit him," replied the general. "Let us see who at this late hour presumes to intrude on our privacy. His information must be valuable indeed, to prove sufficient excuse for such audacity," and raising his head, he saw standing in the obscurity of the tent, a tall, dark figure, evidently dressed for concealment.

"Approach!" said Packenham, in a commanding tone, "and explain the motives of this uncalled-for intrusion."

Slowly the person addressed left the gloom in which he was enshrouded, and approaching the table, threw off his disguise, when the rays of the lamp shone full upon the form and features of Stephen Champney!

"I have come," said he, "from the American camp, and bring you tidings by which, ere tomorrow's sun is set, your army shall be victorious, and the small force arrayed against you shall strew the battle-field, or fly ignominiously, and leaving you conqueror almost without a struggle."

"I do not fear that it will be otherwise, even without your valuable assistance," replied the commander, while a disdainful smile played around his lips, as he mentally compared his own well disciplined troops with that of the enemy, numbering hardly one-third as many. "But I listen," continued he; "give me quickly the information that you judge to be so important, for I must sleep a few moments ere we commence the chastisement of those insolent rebels. My only hesitation now is, as to what point we shall first attack the foe, so that our victory may be as rapid as it will be sure."

"Of that I have come to speak," replied Champney. "Gen. Carroll's regiment is to occupy the centre of the line of defence; his volunteers are inexperienced, and led by young and rash officers. Make this division sustain the heaviest part of the battle, and you may be sure they will yield at the first onset. Command your men to single out the officers for their first discharge; and the ranks seeing their leaders fall, will fly in consternation, leaving the remaining American troops to bear their ignominious defeat."

"This is indeed valuable information," said Gen. Packenham; "and I owe you many thanks for thus deciding my plan of attack; but something more solid than words must be your reward. 'Booty and Beauty' is the watchword of our camp. Of the first, choose your own fortune; as to the latter—"

"Speak not of recompense to me!" interrupted Champney. "*Revenge* is my reward! Let me but see the leaders of Carroll's force laid low in the dust, and I grasp a happiness the gods might envy! Destroy and triumph over a detested rival, and win a peerless bride, whose beauty and fascinations have enthralled my whole soul, and made me—what I am!" he bitterly ended.

"Be it as you please," answered the commander; "but you will remain in our camp for protection till we have won the day—will ye not?"

"No, I return as I came," said his companion; "and to-morrow's sun will find me arrayed against you, and leading on a portion of the very division I have doomed to defeat. But I shall not share in their fate; while all around me fall before your murderous volleys, destiny will protect me—it may be for a worse fate!"

"Doubtless; the devil ever watches over his own," muttered the general, and coldly returning his adieu, as Champney bowed and left the tent, he gazed after his receding form of the traitor, as he stealthily retraced his steps, his whole soul filled with scorn and contempt toward the vile instrument he had not scrupled to use, and who had so basely sacrificed his country, and his own honor, to selfish and most unholy purposes.

The light of a Sabbath morning had just began to tinge the east, and dispel the fog that hung over the American encampment, when Gen. Jackson, that hero of indomitable courage, with a will stern and unyielding as Fate itself, might be seen riding from post to post, preparing his men for the coming onset, and nerving their souls with the same inflexible resolve to conquer or die, which filled his men.

Before the sun had been an hour above the horizon, an explosion of cannon shook the city of New Orleans, and told that the battle had commenced. Swiftly and steadily across the plain swept on the British forces, in two dense columns, one directly towards Gen. Carroll's division, while the other assailed the right of the entrenchment.

It was not until the enemy reached the Levee, where it was contracted to about four hundred feet in width, that the American army answered their fire; then as the column, sixty or seventy deep, crowded over the avenue, every cannon was brought to bear on them, and a murderous discharge was opened. But as fast as the ranks were thinned did fresh men take their places, and the Americans gazed with astonishment on the moving masses, advancing slowly and surely, under a cannonade which mowed down hundreds at each discharge, but checked not the rapid onset as it steadily advanced toward the breastworks.

As they approached the ditches, the air was filled with rockets and bombshells, which fell over into the American works, while with loud cheers the enemy advanced to the assault. Then from the hero of the day came the word of command, "Fire!" and the whole line of the intrenchments was in a blaze! Sinking before this well-aimed volley, the front ranks fell, but still the British forces marched bravely on, only to be cut down again by the storm of fire that poured incessantly upon them.

Fiercest was the contest where Carroll's men were stationed—for Packenham himself led on the troops at this point, but firm and unshrinking stood the volunteers. Constantly firing, it was a flash and a peal along the whole line! With unerring aim did each soldier prove himself a perfect mark-man, and no troops in the world could long withstand a fire so destructive.

Soon the British ranks wavered; and Packenham, striving vainly to revive their failing courage, rode along the ranks, shouting words of inspiring hope; but they were doomed to be the last that he should ever utter on earth! In his reckless disregard of his own safety, he had exposed himself as a sure mark for the enemy's fire, and with the language of command and defiance still issuing from his lips, he fell from his saddle, pierced by a hundred balls, and lay upon the earth a lifeless corpse.

It needed only this fatal accident to consummate the terror and dismay that filled the hearts of the British soldiery, and firing a last volley at the entrenchments, thus pealing a fitting requiem over the remains of their dead commander, they turned and fled, leaving the American army conquerors, and by this glorious and quickly-won victory, crowning the Hero of New Orleans with never-fading laurels.

An hour from that time the din of battle had ceased, and all was hushed and silent, save when the groan of some wounded soldier broke the stillness—for in the excitement and confusion consequent upon this brilliant success, those injured by the enemy's fire, though few in number, still lay upon the ground where they had fallen.

But one faithful comrade seemed not to have forgotten the unfortunate victims of the day, for wrapped in a cloak, which concealed the arms he still wore, Stephen Champney might be seen gliding from one prostrate form to another, and scanning intently the features of each. Baffled and disappointed in his search, he had turned to leave the works, when the sound of a heavy sigh broke the stillness, and looking around, he beheld under the shadow of the intrenchments the prostrate form of his hated rival, Philip Irving, who was just awaking to consciousness.

With one bound Champney was at his side; and while his face gleamed with savage ferocity, he knelt before his victim, indulging the murderous hope that life had fled with that long-drawn sigh—but even as the villain gazed, did Irving give signs of returning life, and, opening his eyes, his foe read in their expression of hatred and defiance, that he had been seen and recognized.

That look recalled all the guilty passions that had fired Champney's soul. With remorseless fury he grasped the hilt of his dagger, and bending over the wounded officer, as if to ascertain that life were indeed extinct, he plunged it into his breast! One faint low groan, one whispered word, and with the name of "Mary," in the accent of love, true to the last, Philip Irving sank cold and lifeless at the feet of his destroyer!

Hastily tearing open the vest of his victim, and grasping the miniature that had never left that faithful heart, Champney slowly retired from the field of battle, as if his search had been in vain, and disappeared from sight.

CHAPTER III.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
O, where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

Thou shun'st no question! ponder—Is there none
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
And deem'st thou me unknown, too? Gaze again!
At least thy memory was not given in vain.
O, never canst thou cancel half her debt,
Eternity forbids thee to forget.—*Byron.*

Days and weeks had elapsed since the events of the last chapter had transpired. The American army was disbanded, and Carroll's regiment had returned to Tennessee. All was gayety and rejoicing in the dwellings of Nashville, one family only participated not in the general exultation that pervaded all classes.

Col. Beaufort, more gloomy and morose than ever, received no company, his only guest being Stephen Champney, who had now become almost a constant resident in his mansion. To Mary had he brought the harrowing intelligence of her lover's death; and when the poor girl, almost distracted in her grief, doubted his truth, and accused him of having fabricated the tidings that robbed life of every charm, he, slowly, as if reluctant to deprive her of the last ray of hope, drew forth the miniature which Philip had vowed should never leave him till life was extinct. At the sight of this sure and fatal proof of her lover's sad destiny, Mary could bear no more. She sank senseless before Champney, and for many succeeding days and nights, her cries of delirium filled the halls that had echoed to her childhood's happy laughter, and tortured her father's soul, already bending under its own heavy burden of care and sorrow.

At length time, and the energies of youth, conquered the fatal disease, and healed, in a degree, the cruel wound that had been inflicted; and although her full powers of mind and reason were restored, yet her soul seemed ever absent from the old familiar scenes of home. Always before her vision was present that terrible battle-field, where Philip lay wounded and dying, with no fond hand to bathe the fevered brow, and no true, tender heart on which to repose when he breathed his last sigh.

With most assiduous and delicate attentions did Champney surround the object of his adoration; he seemed to live only in her presence, while Mary, already become but a beautiful shadow of her former radiant self, would urge him to recount, again and again, the events of that unfortunate day, until it became to that guilty man a trial almost beyond his strength to endure.

But even thus, in answering the pleadings of this poor, heart-broken girl, did God commence his righteous retributions. Perceiving that her horror and dislike had been in a degree overcome—looking upon him, as she did, as a faithful messenger from her dying lover, and the soother of his last agony, he determined to endure this lingering suspense no longer. That night he was closeted with Col. Beaufort till long after midnight, and the next morning his daughter received a summons to attend him in his library.

On entering the room, Mary found her father pacing the floor in utter agony of spirit. Herself and her own sorrows were forgotten; all the warm feelings of her loving nature were aroused, and stepping hastily forward, she encircled him in her arms, and as her head rested on his bosom, she said:

"Speak freely, dear father! Never will I leave this loved resting-place till you have unburdened your soul, and told to me all the sorrows that have afflicted you. Think of your own little Mary, that you have loved and cherished so many years, and now that she is a woman, and has loved and suffered so much, still is her heart warm as ever towards you, and can only know a glimpse of happiness again in seeing you restored to serenity and peace."

"O, Mary, my dearest!" he answered, "how can I wound your young heart, already so tried by its own suffering, with the recital of my long-borne trials? It is you, alone, who can save your poor old father, and restore him to happiness; but the sacrifice shall never be made. Rather would I bear poverty, disgrace, and even death itself, than cause one pang in my gentle Mary's heart!"

She shuddered even while she listened; then, trying to speak calmly, she said:

"But tell me all, dear father. Perhaps you exaggerate the difficulties, or dream not of what your child is capable of doing for those she loves."

"Hear me, then, my dear one," he replied. "For the last five years Stephen Champney has been my adviser and assistant in all business transactions; as one speculation failed, he would advise another to retrieve the losses of the former, advancing means freely for my use, and securing himself by mortgages on *what was once* my property. Maddened, and rendered desperate by many succeeding losses, I at last risked all at one venture—and lost! And now, Mary, we are beggars! At this moment we are sheltered under Champney's roof, and dependants on his bounty!"

"But was it not he, father, who urged you to ruin?" answered Mary; "and will he not leave us our old family home to shelter your declining years?"

"No, my child," answered the old man; "he claims all!—and we must go forth as wanderers, without a roof to shelter us, unless—"

"You hesitate, father," said she. "Speak quickly, and tell me the alternative which may save your gray hairs from this cruel disgrace."

"It is your hand he claims, my darling child!" cried her father, in tones of agony; "but never shall such a sacrifice be completed! I am old, and shall soon pass away; and we have friends who will gladly shelter you in your youth and beauty."

For one moment did Mary stand like a statue of marble, every drop of blood seemed to leave her face, and her heart almost ceased to pulsate. To marry Stephen Champney! He, whom Philip had warned her to shun! To be an unloving wife; to vow duty and affection, where she felt only dislike and repugnance! Could she do this, and live?

She glanced at her father. His head was bowed upon his clasped hands, while his white locks swept the table on which he leaned. She looked around upon that familiar room, filled with choice books and rare works of art, that had been his household gods for many long years; and she remembered how, in childhood's happy days, her little pattering footsteps found ever there a tender welcome.

"God help me!" was the despairing cry that rose from her soul as she strove to conquer every thought of self, and her resolution was taken.

Calmly and gently removing her father's hands from before his grief-worn face, she looked at him steadfastly, while a tear dimmed the light of those deep, earnest eyes, as she said:

"And did you doubt what my answer would be? Whenever Champney claims this hand, it is his, dear father, if by that—" She hesitated—her parent must never know the immolation she was completing. That love, and hope, and joy, had all died out of her young heart; but gathering courage from the strength of her own soul, she continued: "If by this marriage you regain your freedom, and are absolved from all claims, I am promised to wash from this moment. But, father, hesitate not through fear of me. Let there be no delay. It cannot be too soon; I must have no time to think!"

And she laid her hand on her heart to still its wild throbbings, then pressing one icy kiss on her parent's lips, she glided from the room like a lost angel, on whom the gates of Paradise had closed forever.

* * * * *

Brilliantly shone the lights from every window of Col. Beaufort's dwelling. The evening of the bridal had arrived, and a festive scene of dazzling brightness and beauty welcomed the assembling guests. Flowers rested in each niche, and garlanded the walls, filling the atmosphere with their odorous perfumes, while music, faint and low,

> "Breathed out its dulcet tones,
> Upon the charmed air!"

In the library, where Colonel Beaufort awaited the appearance of Mary, to give her his blessing and last embrace before yielding her up forever, did Champney seek his presence. Splendidly attired, as the custom of the times permitted, a glow of triumph lighting up his dark beauty, he looked like Milton's fallen angel.

> "In act most graceful and humane,
> A fairer person lost not heaven: he seemed
> For dignity composed, and high exploit;
> But all was false and hollow."

Secure in the accomplishment of all his villanous schemes, his crime undetected, and the happiness for which he had bartered his honor and salvation just within his grasp, he had sought his victim's presence to fulfil his agreement; and, on the eve of his marriage, to destroy every claim that he held, and restore to the old man his former freedom and independence.

An hour after, and the bride and bridegroom stood before the assembled crowd. Mary's fragile but still beautiful form, arrayed in simple bridal robes, retained all the exquisite grace of former days, while the soft folds of her veil concealing the anguish that spoke through her features, only revealed the strange gleam of those magic eyes, and the hectic flush that mantled her cheek.

Already had the ceremony commenced; and the solemn words were soon to be spoken which would doom a young heart to eternal misery, when a dark and shrouded form was observed to glide in among the servants, who stood in the outer hall, and shading his features from observation, gaze intently at the bridal party.

At this moment was uttered the solemn words, "If any present know any just cause why these two should not be joined together, ye are now to declare it," when the stranger, throwing off his disguise, rushed through the crowd that impeded his path, and stood revealed in the full glare of light!

The young bride, terrified and startled by this strange commotion, raised her eyes, so heavy with their pent-up tears, and glanced toward the intruder. One wild cry of terror, doubt and joy, broke from her trembling lips, and Mary lay senseless in the arms of Philip Irving!

The young officer, for it was indeed he, thus seemingly raised from the grave, bore his precious burden to a couch, and kneeling by her side, breathed forth his emotions of gratitude to God for her salvation; then turning to the spot where Champney had stood, to confront the traitor, and publicly proclaim his crimes, he sought in vain for the object of his just vengeance.

In the confusion of the moment, Champney, comprehending at a glance that it was indeed his intended victim, thus restored to life and health, saw that only degradation and death awaited him; and while all, forgetting him, were gathered round the united lovers, he stole silently out of the dwelling, to wander forth, an out-

cast and an alien from all human sympathies and ties.

As Mary slowly returned to consciousness, and realized the happiness that Heaven had bestowed, rendered doubly precious by its contrast with her past sorrows, Philip related to his astonished listeners the crime which Champney had attempted, and which he had supposed successful. But the wound, although well directed, had failed to reach a vital part, although when found by those who came to succor the suffering and dying, he still lay apparently lifeless, where his enemy had left him.

Removed to a hospital, he remained as one dead for several days, his consciousness only returning to expend itself in incoherent ravings, which afforded no clue as to his identity. At last, when months had elapsed, his health and reason were sufficiently restored to allow him to seek his home, and learn the fate of his loved Mary.

Exhausted and worn with his sufferings, he dreaded almost to inquire regarding her destiny; but his worst fears received confirmation. The account of his own death had never been doubted, and on the same evening of his return, was Mary to bestow her hand on the author of all his miseries!

Perceiving at once, the treachery and fraud by which her promise had been obtained, and never doubting for an instant the constancy of that heart that had only yielded to save a parent's honor, he hastened to the scene of sacrifice, arriving happily in time to save her.

That brilliant scene, so lately but a bitter mockery to the young girl's heart, seemed now irradiated with joy, and hope, and happiness—and with the light of love again beaming from her eyes, and speaking in every glance, she refused not the earnest solicitations of her lover, and their faith was pledged, and the holy vows spoken, which hallowed forever the union of their souls.

Secure in their own wedded bliss, and realizing that heaven on earth that ever follows a union of "hearts, not hands," the united lovers not only forgave the sins of the man who would have marred their happiness, but urged Colonel Beaufort also to forbear instigating any pursuit of Champney.

For many years, no tidings concerning him reached his former home; but although thus allowed to escape the lawful punishment of his crimes, who can doubt, that here on earth, God's righteous retribution commenced? With "the worm that never dies" preying on his conscience, —with the conviction that his very name was held in utter detestation,—feeling that not one heart in all the world would ever throb, responsive to his own, he wandered from place to place, like Cain, with his brand ever burning on his brow, till a lonely, miserable death ended the career of the "Traitor," and proved that

"Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill,
The fatal shadows that pursue us still."

LORD PALMERSTON.

The peculiarities of Lord Palmerston, the present Premier of Great Britain, are agreeably described in the following passage from the New York Herald's London correspondence: "He has never evinced enthusiastic devotion for any particular 'cause,' yet every one, down to the humblest subordinate, has for him a regard amounting to affection. His character seems a singular apart. He is gayety incorporate, frankness itself, and diligence personified. Give him a specific employment, and there is not a public servant who can execute it with a greater show of work done, and nicely done, and with admirable ease to the operator. Call him to account, and he will pour forth a convincing defence, so gay, so witty, so pleasantly vindictive in its sarcasms, that, except the model footman in the comedy, there is no match for it. His habits are light and joyous as a schoolboy's. On engaging a cook, to whom he paid a hundred pounds a year, 'I make but one provision,' he said, 'as far as I am individually concerned—spread the table with all the good things you can think of, to please the palates of my guests, but provide me always with a 'boiled leg of mutton and an apple pie.' The tone of his mind is evidently healthy, and the English feel and delight in it. When asked some disagreeable political questions in one of his elections at Tiverton, he handled his opponent with all the expertness and good humor of a first-rate prize fighter, who finds on his hands an untutored Hercules: 'Where, then, will my friend have it?' he said, as his antagonist lifted up his voice in remonstrance. 'If I hit high, he complains of his head; if I hit low, he says I am too near his stomach; he has come into the ring, I must hit somewhere if only for love.' Then again, his speech to a workman's literary institution: 'After all,' he says, 'no amusement is worth having that is not intellectual.'"

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Is there any news from the Chimera?" said Mrs. Partington, dropping in upon us suddenly, like a bombshell, on the arrival of the last steamer. She had like with her, who immediately seized upon a pair of scissors and began puncturing the top of the desk against which he was standing, at the same time kicking the table at which we were sitting. "Is there any news from the Chimera?" We told her that the news of the emperor's death was confirmed. "Ah!" said she, with a sigh, "war is indeed dreadful when it won't allow people to make their peace when they die. I declare it gives me the nashua in my stomach when I think that men should forget the kindnesses and meannesses of life (she meant amenities) to worry each other by minny rifles and dog's delight. It is them awful military engineers that does it—if they would have civil engineers there, they, in a little time the Black Sea of war would become a Pacific ocean." She drummed nervously on a book before her—Loring's One Hundred Boston Orators—herself more eloquent than them all—took a pinch of rappee out of Col. Rhoades's box, and became oblivious, while Ike was turning his attention towards a new inkstand in an attempt to understand its principle from actual experiment, as his hands bore on each palm a map of the Black Sea.—*Post.*

COLOR OF THE EYES.

That the color of the eyes should affect their strength, may seem strange; yet that such is the case, need not at this time of day to be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored, should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury, from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are *ceteris paribus*, generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil, the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MARGARET.

BY WM. L. SHOEMAKER.

Margaret—a pearl—
And Margaret—a daisy;
I scarcely know by which, sweet girl,
It fitter were to praise thee.

Thou art a pearl in purity,
And for thy beauty too her;
Methinks a pearl best emblems thee,
With its soft splendor.

But for thy lovely red and white,
Thou art like the fairy daisy;
And so with equal truth I might
By that sweet floweret praise thee.

Yet, being as thou art, fair girl,
These similes cannot raise thee;
Thou art lovelier than any pearl,
And fairer than the daisy.

The daisy of my heart art thou,
The pearl of my devotion;
More worth than all pearls lying now
In the deep ocean.

Thou hast the charms of both combined
But with a brighter beauty;
Thy grace of person and of mind
Makes love and praise a duty.

Long may thy daisy-beauties bloom,
Long may old Time spare thee,
To be a priceless pearl to whom
Thou'lt grant to win and wear thee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

KATHERINE LEE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was near sunset, that a young man attired in the rich and picturesque costume worn by gentlemen of elevated rank, near the close of the fifteenth century, stood in a forest glade, with a lovely girl at his side.

"One single word of assent—even a look, dearest Katherine," said he, "and ere the young moon, which we watched together last evening, is two days older, our fates shall be united."

The slant sunbeams streaming through the openings of the foliage, touched with a golden glory the maiden's brow, as with an earnestness and a decision in the tones of her voice, which accorded well with her words, though, as it must be confessed, they contradicted the expression of her countenance, she said:

"Nay, Richmond, it must not, cannot be. The daughter of one of your attendants, who should scarce dare aspire to be your wife, were you sure always to remain the Earl of Richmond, may not have the temerity to raise her eyes to one, who may, at no very remote period, sit on the English throne."

"No one could be more worthy than yourself, or would better grace it; but the day will never come, that will see Henry Tudor on the throne of England. And now that I reflect on it, [illegible] ness, rather than you, for thinking to remove so sweet a flower from the air and sunshine, and immure it within the walls of yonder gloomy castle. Even there, my life would be in peril, did not King Richard imagine me to be in Bretagne."

"The castle of Tremostyn could never appear gloomy to Katherine Lee, as long as it was brightened by Richmond's presence."

"I believe you, sweet Kate, and yet, is it not ungenerous to ask you to unite your fortune with mine? It might endanger your life, as well as your liberty."

For a few moments, the young girl remained silent. A beautiful enthusiasm lighted up her finely-moulded features, which soon gave place to a mournful tenderness. She raised her large dark eyes, suffused with a dewy lustre, to the face of her lover.

"Do you," said she, "believe that the time will never come, when you will dare venture from this place of voluntary imprisonment?"

"Never, while Richard lives. Tremostyn, or some place equally secluded, must, in all probability, always be my home."

"Then take the promise you have many times sought to win, though not to be fulfilled till three months from this day."

"What need is there of so long delay?"

"It may so turn out, as to show there was no need of it, yet even now, my heart misgives me."

"Why so, dear Kate?"

"I hardly know, but even the wind, as it murmurs among the leaves of the trees, seems to say, 'You will never be Richmond's bride.'"

"That is but a fancy."

"Hark! Even as you spoke, it appeared to me, that a mocking laugh echoed through the forest."

"That, too, like the other, is but the coinage of thy own brain, my sweet Kate, and to prove of thy own brain, my sweet Kate, and to prove that the coin be false, you have only to consent to fulfil the promise you have given me, in three days, instead of three months."

"Do not tempt me, Richmond. It is for your sake—not mine, that I ask the delay. Great changes may be wrought, ere the expiration of three months."

"However great or many there may be, I can think of none I would not deprecate which would deprive me of you."

"Even if it would make you king of England?"

"Ay, even if it would make me king, for even that high honor would be dearly bought by the sacrifice of the heart's true love."

And the young earl thought as he said, as he looked into the dark, beaming eyes, which with an earnest, yet mournful gaze, were raised to his. For the moment, the voice of ambition was silent.

During this and former interviews between the Earl of Richmond and Katherine Lee no allusion was made to Elizabeth of York, to whom he had once been betrothed. Adverse circumstances had caused the engagement to be broken, and neither the princess nor Richmond entertained any expectation of its being renewed. But Katherine, who called to mind that a vista had once been opened to the view of the young earl, which was terminated by the English throne, even while the promise was on her lips, which he so earnestly solicited, was haunted by a presentiment which she vainly strove to banish, that Elizabeth of York, rather than herself, was destined to be his bride.

Only a few days remained of the time, at the expiration of which, Katherine Lee had promised to be Richmond's wife. Little that could be depended on, had been heard relative to the proceedings of Richard III., except that since the death of his queen, Anne of Warwick, it was his intention to marry the princess Elizabeth, although he well knew the aversion, and even horror, with which she regarded him, irrespective of the repugnance she must naturally feel to marrying her own uncle. It was not strange, therefore, that now the term of probation she herself had named, had so nearly expired, that Katherine permitted herself to weave many a golden thread into the net of the future, for to her, all that was bright and beautiful in life clustered round the young Earl of Richmond. One of those golden dreams, still more sweet than brilliant, which she now sometimes permitted herself to indulge, was interrupted by the entrance of one of her companions, a young girl near her own age.

"Have you heard the news, Kate?" said she, in a voice that trembled with agitation.

"No, I have heard nothing."

"A messenger arrived not fifteen minutes since, sent by Elizabeth of York."

Katherine sprang to her feet, and with a calm, unfaltering voice, though with white lips, she said:

"Richmond—the messenger comes to him?"

"Yes. He and several other gentlemen were in the archery ground when he arrived. I was at no great distance, gathering flowers, and saw the messenger approach the earl, and give him a letter and a ring. The ring must have been set with diamonds, by the way it flashed back the sunlight."

"Might not his mother have sent them? Are you certain they came from the princess?"

"Lord Oxford, one of the gentlemen who was with the earl, told me they were sent by Elizabeth."

"You say you were not far distant. How did Richmond look? Did he appear well pleased?"

"He received the messenger civilly, but to my mind, he looked less joyous than sad when he took the ring and the letter, and I do believe, that in his heart, he wished the princess had never sent them. So let one of the bright smiles, which have made you look so beautiful for a few days past, come back to your lips, Kate. You may yet be Richmond's bride."

"No, Mabel, never. Richmond will find that poor Kate Lee has both the strength and generosity not to let even the weight of a broken vow burden his heart."

"You are less selfish than I am," said Mabel, [illegible] him, as by some of his sex, it would not bear very heavily on his conscience."

Three hours after her interview with Mabel, Katherine sought the forest glade, where many times she and Richmond had kept tryst, since they stood together, with the glory of the evening sunbeams falling around them. She had half expected that she should find him there, but the glade was solitary and silent. The sun had already set, and the brightness of the western sky was fast fading into the gloom of twilight.

"Kate," said a voice near her.

She turned and beheld Richmond, standing at the edge of the glade, where he had suddenly stopped at sight of her, as he thrust aside the branches of a tree which obstructed his entrance.

"I hoped you would come," said she, exerting herself to the utmost to appear composed, "for I wish to take back my promise."

"Ah, Kate, could you in three short hours make up your mind to thus coolly renounce me?"

"It is no sudden determination. I have held myself prepared for what has this day taken place, from the first. Only for a few days, when the time I demanded was near its close, did I suffer myself to be deluded by hope."

"If I should refuse to release you from your promise—what then?"

"You dare not refuse. The union of the red and the white rose can alone restore peace to England. Better," she murmured to herself, "that the heart of poor Kate Lee should bleed, even to the parting with its last life-drop, than that this dreadful war, waged by brother against brother, the father against his son, and the son against his father, should continue to desolate the land."

"You are right, Kate, yet is the sacrifice none the less cruel. The hope you have permitted me to cherish has been the sweetest that ever brightened the lonely hours of an exile. Its whispers have been like the murmur of cool waters in the parched desert."

"All this will appear very different, when you exchange the lowly condition of the exile for the exalted state of a king. The hope that you speak of, as having brightened your lonely hours, might shed a baleful light on the path of royalty, while its whispers, which you compare to the murmur of waters in the desert—ah, Richmond, well do I know, that they would not be heard, amid the voices of praise and adulation."

The young earl stood for a few moments, with currogated brow, and lips compressed.

"You wrong me," he then said, "in imagining—but I will not say what is in my mind—it is better."

"Without doubt, you fancy now, that the image of poor Kate Lee, will sometimes rise up before you in the midst of the state and splendor attendant on royalty, bringing with it pangs of regret. I imagine no such thing. If you ever think of her at all, it will be with a feeling of satisfaction, that Fortune was so gracious to you, as to free you from the encumbrance, ere it was too late."

"This from you, Kate!"

"Nay, Richmond, I did not mean that my words should convey reproach—that they should represent you as heartless, or fickle. How can you feel otherwise than pleased and satisfied, at being so opportunely prevented from taking a step which would have hindered your union with a princess so good and so beautiful as Elizabeth of York is said to be, and which is, moreover, the only thing that can restore peace to England?"

"Do as you will, Kate, for though I feel that in resigning you, I trample on all the sweeter and holier affections of my nature, still, a secret power, which I am unable to resist, lures me on to the path of ambition."

"Call it not the path of ambition—call it the path of duty. Did I not think so, this parting would indeed be bitter. Farewell."

"Till to morrow."

Kate shook her head.

"If not as lovers, as friends we may surely meet."

"The pain will transcend the pleasure. Once more, farewell."

"Farewell, if it must be so, dearest Kate," and bending down, he pressed his lips to her forehead, which, surrounded by dark, clustering curls, looked smooth and white as polished marble.

After the last parting of the lovers, Richmond's life was many times in danger from the machinations of Richard III. Once he escaped a party of the king's forces, sent to search Tremostyn castle, by leaping from a back window, and subsequently, when near the French border, had to ride for his life. But the time was near at hand, when the sceptre, obtained by Richard at the price of so much innocent blood, was to pass away from him forever. It was on the heath of Redmore, near Bosworth, that he fought his last battle.

After Richard was slain, the crown worn by him in battle was found hid in a hawthorn-bush. It was carried to Lord Stanley, who placing it on the head of the Earl of Richmond, saluted him by the title of Henry VII. And then, with heads uncovered, the victorious army sung *Te Deum*. The August sun, which at noonday looked fiercely down on the deadly strife, encircled them with his declining beams as with a halo of glory, as their united voices, in deep and thrilling accord, floated over the blood-stained heath, and rose heavenward in a full and swelling tide of harmony.

Even then, as the young king stood in their midst, the vision of a sweet, mournful face of transcendent loveliness rose before him, causing him, for a moment, to realize that a throne, with all its pomp and splendor, was, to him, an altar of sacrifice, on which were to be offered his heart's dearest and holiest affections.

As the vision faded, the last notes of the choral hymn died away. For a minute all was silent. Even the last painful heart-throbs of those who had fallen on that sore heath to rise no startled into life by the lofty and solemn harmonies of that song of victory, were hushed.

It was not till five months after this victory gained by Henry VII., that, to use the quaint language of one who records the event, "the white and red roses were tied together."

Among the queen's maids of honor, was one young girl, whose beauty seldom failed to attract the attention of a stranger. There was a vestal calmness on her pure, white brow, shaded by night black hair, which showed that she was at peace with the world, and—with herself. She was greatly beloved by the queen, who called her her "gentle Kate," but the king was never known to bestow upon her any appellation, except that of Mistress Lee, while his demeanor, courteous and respectful to all the ladies attendant on the queen, was more particularly so to Katherine Lee.

If he sometimes thought of the time when they stood together in the glade near Tremostyn castle, he kept his secret well, and intimate queen had long made it one of those memories, which are mournful, yet pleasant to the soul.

MARRIAGE-RING IN OLDEN TIMES.

It is said that Pope Innocent the Third was the first who ordained the celebration of marriage in the church, before which it was merely a civil contract; whence arose dispensations, licenses, faculties and other remnants of papal benefit. Shelford observes it came with the Council of Trent. The council sat within the bishopric of Trent, Germany, from the year 1545 to 1563.

But the ring was used in connection with marriage before Catholic times. The Greeks had it. We find from Juvenal that the Romans employed the ring. There was commonly a feast on the signing of the marriage contract; and the man gave the woman a ring (*annulus pronubus*) by way of pledge, which she put upon her left hand, on the finger next the least, because of the suggested nerve running to the heart. The ring was generally of iron, though sometimes of copper and brass, with little knobs in the form of a key, to represent that the wife had possession of the husband's keys. Roman keys attached to a ring for the finger, are not uncommon. The ring is at right angles to the axle, and, therefore, it could only be used for a lock which required very little strength to turn it, or as a latch-key. It may be a question, whether these were not rings used on marriage.—*Home Journal.*

FIRST STEAMER ON THE SANDUSKY.

As soon as the steamer was about completed, says a Hooshier, they commenced loading her with freight to take out on a trial trip. Among other miscellaneous articles, was an old-fashioned tread-power threshing machine. The boy went out as far as the Islands very well—everything seemed to work admirably, but during their various windings, it became necessary to back out of a small bay. "But what!" She wouldn't budge a peg. Something must be wrong."

"What was it?" asks an eager listener.

"Why, upon examination, the cause was discovered. They had been working the boat with the *old threshing machine* instead of the engine.—*Western paper.*

Wrong none by doing injustice,—or omitting the benefits that are your duty.—*Dr. Franklin.*

THE STORY OF RAMON PINTO.

The following notice of this late victim of the garrote at Cuba is extracted from an article in the Boston Post. We have seen it asserted that Pinto had proofs of Concha's own treason, and the captain general's casting vote in favor of his death, was prompted by his desire to silence forever so dangerous a witness.

The case that bids fair to stir Cuba, as with the sound of a resurrection trumpet, is the murder of Ramon Pinto, a rich and accomplished Catalan, filled with the hopes and sympathies of a deceased patriot. He was born in Barcelona, of parents in comfortable circumstances, and passed his youth at Madrid as the *protege* of the Duke of Alagon, the popular favorite. He was educated at the seminary under royal patronage for the priesthood, but when the time arrived for taking orders, he declined this calling, and joined the volunteers of Madrid in 1820, when the constitution was proclaimed. He fought on the liberal side, but being disgusted with the turn things took, left Cadiz for Cuba in the same year.

The fame of Pinto's gallantry had preceded him, and he became at once popular in his new residence. He moved in the highest circles, but sympathized with the endeavors on foot to free this island. He was charged with being engaged in a conspiracy against the Cuban government, and arrested. His papers were seized; but the only thing found among them which might have compromised him, was a letter written with signs and accompanied by drawings, which to the imagination of the blood-thirsty court-martial, were intended to serve in an insurrection. A spy, who was a criminal, also testified as to certain transactions. Dr. Wagner, a gentleman dwelt in Cuba solely for scientific purposes, but who watched these proceedings, writes to the N. Y. Tribune, under his own signature, that there was "*not even the slightest shade of a real judicial proof.*"

Proof or no proof, Pinto was condemned. His sentence was communicated to him March 21. His social position, his fine education, and his gallant bearing, scared him hosts of sympathizers; but neither the intercessions of devoted friends, the supplications of a heart-stricken family, nor the interference of the foreign consuls, especially Mr. Robertson and Mr. Crawford, were able to touch the heart of Concha, the ruler of Cuba. Nor were more than twenty-four hours given him to prepare for death. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 22d of March he was taken to the market place. The correspondent of the N. Orleans Picayune says—"On his arrival at the platform, he walked up the steps with ease to the chair. He turned to the audience—ten or fifteen thousand people—a bright face, an unclouded brow, and he said a few words which I could not hear, but I am told that they were closed with 'I die innocent.' He then said parting words to the father by his side, kissed the image of the Saviour, and took the chair; it was but a moment, although it seemed long to adjust the instrument; it turned, and Ramon Pinto was done to death." Dr. Wagner writes that "Pinto's condemnation and execution must be called *an infamous illegal murder.*"

Ramon Pinto's long life of usefulness was not sufficient to secure him so much as a defence before a proper tribunal. The government employed a villain—a man condemned by the courts for crime—as a spy, and on his words he was found guilty. He was thus entrapped "by the snares of watchful tyranny." Pinto might have wished for a change of government; might well have deplored the presence of the butchers that disgraced his country; but still might have sought reform by means short of what would be rebellion. His bearing was noble to the last.

SOUND ADVICE.

We endorse the following from Macklin's advice to his son; we put it again in circulation as too good to be lost: "I have often told you," he says, "that every man must be the maker or marrer of his own fortune. I repeat the doctrine. He who depends upon his incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest and most exalted kind; these are the creatures of fortune and of fame, the founder of families, and can never disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and even vicissitudes or any unfortunate tendency to a contrary nature. You have genius, you have learning, you have industry at times, but you want perseverance; without it, you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in mind, 'Persevere.'"

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.

BY MARY ELDA.

Yes, dear one, now our home looks sad,
Since from it thou art gone;
I sigh for thee the livelong day,
But still I'm all alone.

In vain I list thy step to hear,
In vain thy form to see;
As oft upon the listening ear
Is borne the sound of glee.

Full well I know thou lov'st me still,
Amidst those strangers cold,
That I have still thy noble heart,
With its wealth of love untold.

As I gaze upon those things
Made sacred by thy hand,
Thine image is brought back again,
From out that distant land.

Then I feel thou art with me still,
That still our spirits dwell
Together in our peaceful home,
Where none our joy may tell.

In gratitude my heart ascends,
To the great God of all,
For blessing me with love like thine,
Which, I pray, ne'er may pall.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CURED OF BETTING.

BY WILLIAM MELVILLE.

Mark Hanscom was an inveterate hand at betting. It had become a second nature with him. He had arrived at that point of habit where even the most trivial affairs called out his besetting sin. In no way could he express his firm belief in anything, but by offering to bet on it. Did anything come against his conviction, his first words were, "Come, I'll bet you something on that." Sometimes he would be taken up, but oftener his antagonist would only smile at his ardor. For Mark was ardent in this. When he said "bet," he meant it, and he would stick to it. At first this fault had not been followed by any evil consequences, for he was then careful, and won full as much as he lost. When we say *evil consequences*, we mean results which he could feel. But as the habit grew stronger, he was less careful in his bets, and at length he offered wagers with utter recklessness. He now bet on fast horses whenever he came in the way of a race, and the occurrence of an election of any kind was sure to find him with at least a dozen bets with at least as many individuals. And in all this he was perfectly conscientious. He would as lief been caught stealing, as to sneak away from paying a wager which he had fairly lost.

Mark Hanscom was now thirty years of age, and a hatter by trade, though he had now opened a store in the city, and might have done a good business. As it was, he made money enough for a good living, and enough over to have laid up two or three hundred dollars a year, could he but have done so. He had a wife and two children, and surely there could not have been a more kind and attentive husband, nor a more fond and affectionate father, so far as his natural impulses guided him. For, be it understood, Mark seldom gave way to any other rule but that of his own impulse.

"Well, well, Molly, here's a fifty spot won today." Mark said this to his wife, one evening, as they sat alone in their cosy sitting-room after supper.

"And who lost it?" Mary asked, with a cloud upon her handsome features.

"Sam Lovell."

"Samuel Lovell?" repeated Mary, with interest. "He is hardly able to lose fifty dollars."

"That isn't my look out. I bet him fifty dollars that Popwell would be elected, and he bet Popwell wouldn't be elected, and Popwell is elected, and Sam has lost. But he faced the music like a major,—paid up square."

"Poor Hannah!" murmured Mary.

"And who is that?" asked Mark, slightly elevating his eye-brows.

"Lovell's wife. She was telling me, only a few days ago, that her little girl was suffering for a cloak, but that she didn't like to ask her husband for the money to buy it with, because he had such hard work to get along."

"But I can't help that, Molly."

"And yet you have robbed poor Lovell of fifty dollars."

"*Robbed?* What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," returned the wife, softly, drawing close to her husband and putting her arm about his neck. "Now look at it;—you have taken fifty dollars from Lovell, and what have you given him in return?"

"I gave him the same chance to get fifty dollars from me. Was not that fair?"

"Will you answer me a few questions candidly?"

"Certainly. As many as you like," answered Mark, for he could not withstand his wife's affectionate entreaty.

"Then," commenced Mary, with an eager, anxious look, "were not you sure Popwell would be elected when you made this bet with Lovell?"

"Of course I thought he would."

"Then you expected to win Lovell's money from him."

"But he felt just as sure that Popwell would not be elected, and, of course, just as sure that he should win my money."

"Very likely; but it makes no odds what he thought. Your moral code is not fashioned after his. If A wishes to pick your pocket, or knock you down and rob you, that is no reason why you should pick A's pocket the first time you see him, or that you should pursue the more summary method of knocking him down and robbing him. You believed Popwell would be elected, and you believed you would get fifty dollars from Sam Lovell without rendering him any sort of an equivalent.

"But what of all that? Lovell knew that I believed so,—he knew that I had full confidence in Popwell's election, for I told him so."

"But you knew he was blinded. The more sure you felt of the election of your man, the more you sinned against Lovell, for the more sure you were that you should take his money from him."

"Pshaw! It's just an even thing, Molly, and you can make nothing more of it."

"Is it an even thing for you to take fifty dollars from a man whose family are suffering from its want, and to return him nothing? Is that what you call even?"

"The chances, I meant, were even."

"But they were not. You felt sure they would not be before you bet. And now answer me one more question, Mark. Did you not hope that Lovell would lose?"

"It is not very likely that I hoped I should lose."

"No, I suppose not. From the first you meant to make fifty dollars out of Lovell if you could, and that you should succeed in so doing you firmly believed in the beginning."

"Now, Molly, you are too hard. You put the whole affair in a wrong light."

"I only put it in the light of *truth*, my husband. O, why will you not leave it off! It is the most insidious species of gambling, and no good can result from it—nothing but evil. If you lose, it is evil to you, for you know you cannot afford it. If you win, it must be evil for some one else, and you are holding money which, perhaps, comes from the very soul of some poor family's comfort. If nobody wins, then there is a foolish whim practised, a great danger courted, just for nothing. I would not gamble. I would have every morsel of my daily bread honestly earned, and then I could eat it in peace, and ask God to bless it."

At that moment Mark Hanscom pulled a paper from his pocket, and called his wife's attention to a very funny thing he had found in it. Mrs. Hanscom saw that her husband was getting uneasy beneath a fire which he could not successfully return, and so she let him go for the present.

One day, not long after the above conversation had taken place, a Mr. John Percival called in to see Mary Hanscom. He was an uncle to her by marriage,—a good-hearted, plain-spoken, honest man, about forty years of age, and a lawyer by profession. For some time he and Mary conversed upon various topics, and at length something was said about betting. One remark led the way to another, and at length Mary confessed to her uncle how much uneasiness she felt on account of her husband's betting propensities. Mr. Percival well knew Mark's impulsive character, and he saw how dangerous this habit might become to the peace of his family.

"There are men," he said to his niece, "who can engage in these things and come out with full pockets. They are cool, calculating, cold-blooded men, who know nothing of sympathy, and who only care for self, never caring whether they live upon the folly of fools, or upon the tears of widows and orphans. But in a soul like Mark's, those very impulses which we love unsurrected. I must give him a lesson. Has he any ready money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Eight hundred dollars. He has saved it up to make the last payment upon his house, only one hundred more being wanting."

"And that he has in the house?"

"Yes."

Mr. Percival remained silent a few moments, during which he seemed to be deeply engaged in thinking, and at the end of his meditation he said, while a twinkling smile broke over his features:

"Say nothing. I will give Mark Hanscom a lesson that he shall not forget in a hurry."

"But you will not harm him, uncle. You will not—"

"Pshaw, you little mixx. Don't fret on that score. But mind that you don't thwart me. Whatever I may offer him in your presence, do you keep mum."

Mary promised, and shortly afterwards Uncle John took his leave.

One or two evenings after the above conversation, Uncle John called in, and found Mark at home. The new-comer greeted Mary as though he had not seen her for a long while, and he professed to feel very happy to see how pleasantly they were getting along.

"Come, Mark," said Percival, after all subjects of personal news had been exhausted, "don't you remember my old uncle Grant—Grant Mayburn?"

"Yes, very well, though I have not seen him since I was a boy. Not for sixteen years."

"Well, he's at the —— House now, and I have called in to get you to walk down with me. Will you go? We wont stop long."

"Yes, certainly. I should like to see the good old soul. He's no real relation of mine, but then he always seemed so."

"You wont find him the hale and hearty-looking man he was when you last saw him," resumed Percival, while Mark was getting ready. "His lands in Texas have turned a vast amount of gold into his pockets, but his health has gone, and one arm yet remains among the wilds of the Western wilderness."

"What! has he lost an arm?" uttered Mary, shuddering.

"Yes."

Mark was soon ready, and having kissed his wife, and promised to be back soon, he followed Percival from the house. At the hotel he found old "Uncle Grant," but the first joys of recognition were damped by the sad change which had come over the old friend of his youth. Those hairs were now white with frost and care, the dark eyes were sunken, the cheeks were pale and wan, and then that empty sleeve that hung flapping by his side, told a sad and melancholy tale. Yet the old man was kind and affable, and he promised to visit Mark as soon as possible.

When the visitors came out from the hotel, Mark went one way and Percival another.

On the very next evening, Percival called again at Mark's, and with him came an old friend, named Solon Lewis. This latter had been a school-mate of Mark's, and was, of course, warmly welcomed.

For some time the conversation ran upon general topics of reminiscence. At length Percival remarked:

"Poor Uncle Grant! I should think they might have spared him his arm."

"So should I," sympathizingly returned Mark.

"Or," resumed Percival, "if they must have one, they might have contented themselves with his left arm, and let him keep his right."

Mark looked quickly into the speaker's face, with a puzzled expression.

"Why," he said, thoughtfully, "Uncle Grant has got his right arm."

"No, no, Mark,—his right arm he has lost. His left arm he retains."

"But I know better, Mr. Percival. He has his right arm safe and sound. I saw it with my own eyes."

"You are mistaken, Mark."

"But I tell you I am not. Just think for yourself, now."

Percival pressed his hand upon his brow, as though thinking carefully, and at the end of a few moments he said:

"You are wrong, Mark. It is his right arm which he has lost. I am sorry to contradict you, but I have taken particular notice."

"This is foolish," uttered Mark, out of all patience. "I tell you he has his right arm safe and sound, and has lost his left one."

"You are wrong, wrong, Mark."

"But I know better! I'll bet you anything you like."

"I am perfectly willing to do that."

"Then what'll you bet?"

"Eight hundred dollars, as I happen to have that sum with me."

"So do I happen to have that sum," cried Mark, his eyes flashing, "and I'll bet you the eight hundred dollars that Uncle Grant Mayburn has lost his left arm!"

Produce your money," said Percival, calmly, at the same time catching Mary's eye, and giving her a look of assurance.

Mark arose and left the room, and when he returned he had the sum in his hand, partly in gold and partly in bank notes.

"Let's put the money into Solon's hand," said Percival.

"Agreed," answered Mark. "But remember the bet;—I stake eight hundred dollars upon Grant Mayburn's having his right arm whole, and having lost his left arm."

"That's it," responded Percival.

"I understand," said Solon.

"And now," said Uncle John, "let's go down to the hotel and see."

This was agreed to, and away they went. Mark did not dare to look Mary in the face, but he felt sure he should come home happy, for he knew he should win, and he knew that Uncle John was able to lose the money. He rather suspected that this was a quiet way Percival had

They reached the hotel, and were at once shown to Uncle Grant's room. The old man was just in the act of thrumming upon the piano, with his *left hand!* Mark saw the movement, and he looked upon the old man's right side, and there he saw but an armless sleeve hanging gloomily down!

"Uncle Grant," said Percival, "we have had a little dispute on your account. Mark would have it that you had lost your left arm, and still possessed your right."

"I wish it was so," returned the old man, "but it isn't. No, no, Mark,—here's my left hand, safe and sound, but you'll have to hunt many hundred miles from here to find its mate."

As he spoke, he put out his left hand, and Mark instinctively grasped it. It was warm, substantial flesh and bone, and then the young man shrank back. Shortly the visitors left, and in the hall Percival took the money.

"It's all right, isn't it?" he said, turning to Mark as he did so.

"Of course it is."

Mark Hanscom did not ask his friends to return with him, nor did they offer so to do. He pursued his way alone, and he was a miserable, unhappy fellow. At his own door he made a long pause, but at length he summoned up his courage and entered. Mary was sitting by the work table, engaged in sewing. She looked up as her husband entered, and a low, stifled cry broke from her lips as she saw how pale he looked.

"Mark! Mark! my husband!" she exclaimed, springing forward and clasping him by the arm, "what has happened?"

"Nothing, love," whispered Mark, with an effort.

"But something has happened. O, tell me what it is."

"It's nothing, Mary."

"Then why so pale? Why so trembling? Tell me."

"Nothing, I tell you," answered the husband, sharply.

"Why do you say so, when your every look disproves the assertion?"

As the wife thus spoke, a sudden light broke in upon her.

"Have you lost your eight hundred dollars?" she asked.

No answer.

"Tell me, Mark. O, I will not chide you,—I will not—"

"I *have* lost it, Mary!"

The poor wife sank back with a groan. She had no idea that her husband's money was to be taken away from him. She had thought it all a joke—only fun. She forgot her uncle's assurance, and now only took her cue from the sufferings of her husband.

"O," she murmured, falling upon his neck and bursting into tears, "it was cruel—wicked! He ought not to have done it."

At that moment the fifty dollars which poor Lovell had lost were forgotten.

The next morning Mark Hanscom had no appetite for breakfast, nor did his wife. He went to his store, but he could not attend to business. Towards noon, Sam Lovell came in. His face was the mirror of an unhappy soul, too. He drew Mark one side, and asked to borrow fifty dollars!

"I have not a cent!" uttered Mark.

"But only fifty dollars," urged Lovell. "I will pay you again. I shall be put in jail if I cannot get it. My landlord has sued me on a note of that amount, which I gave him a year ago. I saved up the money to pay it, but—but—but— You know I lost it. O, lend me fifty dollars!"

"I haven't a cent in the world, Sam,—not a cent I can call my own. I know I robbed you of your fifty dollars—"

"No, no, Mark, not 'robbed' me."

"Just the same, Sam,—just the same. I took it from you without returning you anything but misery and shame, and I felt sure I should win it when I made the bet. I hoped I should, at any rate, and that shows the deed to have been in my heart. But I have lost all now. All! all! Sam. If I owned one hundred dollars, you should have half of it in welcome. But I don't. *I will never bet again!*"

"Not if you could win back your eight hundred dollars?" asked a voice close by.

Mark looked up, and saw John Percival standing close behind him.

"No, sir," returned the young man, with a look and tone of indignation. "If I should win it back I should but rob some one else. I thank you for your lesson, sir, and if you would do me a favor, lend this man fifty dollars, and look to me for the payment of it."

"Certainly," returned Percival; and without further remark he counted out the sum named, and handed it to Lovell.

"I will pay it," said the latter, eagerly, as he clutched the flimsy bits of paper which were to save him from jail.

"*I* shall pay it," persisted Mark.

Percival spoke not another word, but turning upon his heel he left the store, and Lovell soon followed his example.

That evening, while Mark and his wife sat gloomily over their misery, some one rapped at the door. It was Uncle Grant Mayburn. He entered with a happy smile, and the first thing he did, after kissing Mary and then sitting down, was to hand Mark a letter. It was a very thick, clumsy letter, but the young man noticed it not. He broke the seal, and when he had opened it he found a package of bank notes within. He read as follows:

"Dear Mark:—Within you will find fifteen hundred and fifty dollars. Eight hundred of it belong to your wife, that being the sum which I foolishly staked upon a very foolish bet. Feeling that I have no more right to it, I give it to her. The remaining seven hundred and fifty are what I have left of your money. Samuel Lovell has the other fifty. Uncle Grant will explain.

Yours, ever,

"Percival."

For some moments Mark was in a state of bewilderment, but at length he asked the old man for an explanation.

"Certainly," returned Mayburn, with a smile. "The other day John came to me and said he wished to show to you the utter nonsense and folly of this gambling in bets, and, at the same time, to show you how easily a man who has become confirmed in the evil habit might be ruined. He asked me if I would assist him. I told him yes. So I had my vest and coat taken off, and then put them on again, with my left arm concealed beneath them, having the empty coat-sleeve so that it should hide the presence of the hidden limb. Thus I left my wooden arm, which is adjusted with springs and marvellously fitting joints, and which depends from my right shoulder, only exposed. I purposely avoided shaking hands with you, and you swallowed the bait. Of course the next time you came I had my left arm free again, and my wooden one put away. Now a villain could have robbed you, but fortunately your eyes were opened by a friend. If John told me the truth, you have had another lesson to-day upon the same subject."

"Yes," said Mark, shuddering. He remained with his head bowed for some moments, and then he moved to his wife's side and placed all the money in her hands, saying, as he did so:

"Keep it, Molly, till we have need of it; and now that your husband has solemnly vowed to gamble so no more, you shall know that your sweet counsel has worked most deeply upon his heart. This other circumstance has given me the sudden shock of terror at my sin, but your kind words lie deeper down, where they shall never be forgotten."

There is no knowing what a scene might have followed, had not Uncle John at that moment entered the room. He found the sun shining once more, and he came forward joyously. All was explained—all talked over again—and then all was smiles and thankfulness.

Mark Hanscom never bet again; nor did Sam Lovell. They had both been effectually cured, and they both knew that it was a social sin which they had thus cast off.

INEBRIETY.

When this has taken fast hold of a man, farewell fortune—farewell emulation—farewell attention to things worthy of attention—farewell love of virtuous society—farewell decency of manners—farewell to even attention to person. Everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who began life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without any ray of comfort and consolation! Young men with good fortunes, good tempers, good hearts, good constitutions, only being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his outgoings or his incomings. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure, brings pain as surely as night brings morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these, we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace, and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.—*Ledger.*

Jester's Picnic.

A worthy miller wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished.

"But," said he, "as I am a very industrious man, I wish to be painted as looking out of the window of my mill: but when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head in, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window."

"Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done so."

He painted the mill, and the mill window. The miller looked at it and inquired, "Where is myself looking out?"

"O," said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know you pop in your head, to preserve your credit for industry."

"That's right," said the miller; "I'm content, that's right, that will do!"

A good story is told of Jere Mason. He was six feet and seven inches in height. Riding one winter day between Walpole and Keene, he was met by a teamster, to whom he gave the road, but the fellow insisted on the whole, and would not turn his team and take the usual half. Jere would not turn out either. At length the teamster threatened to flog Mason, whereupon he began to lift himself up in the sleigh, and looming up in such ponderous and lofty dimensions, the fellow hastily exclaimed, "I rather guess I will turn out 'fore any more of you comes up out of the sleigh."

A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging up in his room a fine large colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as jackass. Not long since a friend dropped in, and stopping before the picture, and gazing on it a few moments, then sung out abruptly, and as he imagined very wittily:

"Halloa, doctor, is that your portrait?"

"O, no," replied the doctor, coolly, "that's simply a looking glass."

The anxious inquirer suddenly discovered that he had some business down the street, and departed.

"Zeb," said a chap to his chum the other day, "seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Toggery's last night."

"No," was the reply; "I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go."

"A hint, Zeb—what sort of a hint?"

"Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave."

Little boys, when they come late to school, have to bring a written excuse, explaining their derelictions. The other day, says a Buffalo paper, a little boy came extremely late, but without the least fear or anxiety on his countenance. He had a 'scuse. On handing it to the teacher, it was opened and said; "Missus—Whale the barer for runnin' away." The model 'scuse was accepted, and the little fellow was accordingly admonished in the region of his "sit-down-uppons."

Mr. O'Shaughnessy is 'cute enough to have been born in Yankee land, but, unfortunately, he is a native of the Emerald Isle, or his reputation would have been made. Mr. O'Shaughnessy never "is after going to market without his dog." He makes by it. While he is inquiring about the par value of "that liver," the quadruped makes off with a shin of beef, sufficiently large to keep "the childer" in soup for [illegible] make a note, and take on wisdom.

A Western editor enumerates a long list of annoyances and grievances, and winds up as follows:

"I was vexed, too, at a painter who had been paid in advance to paint me a sign; but he must go a sailing in the bay on Sunday and get drowned—just as like as not on my money—any how, he died, and made no sign."

Scene in an apothecary shop after the passage of the Maine liquor law.—Two nice young men enter.

"Come, Jim, what will you take?"

"Well, I guess I'll take a prussic acid smash."

Clerk, to second gent.—"What's yours?"

"I'll take a burning fluid cocktail."

Everybody has heard of the famous echo of the Irishman, which, when interrogated, "How d'ye do?" would answer, "Pretty well, I thank you;" but we know of a real echo, which, if you ask it, "What remedy is there for the evils under which we labor?" invariably answers, "Labor!"

"I must call on Mrs. Graves to-day."

"I thought," said the husband, "you disliked that Mrs. Graves."

"O, so I do; I detest her—but she has such a horrid tongue. It is best to keep on the right side of such people."

"Paddy, did you ever catch a bat?"

"I did that."

"When?"

"At Miss Malony's last ball; Mick Finigan brought me a powlt over the nose with a brick-*bat!*"

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